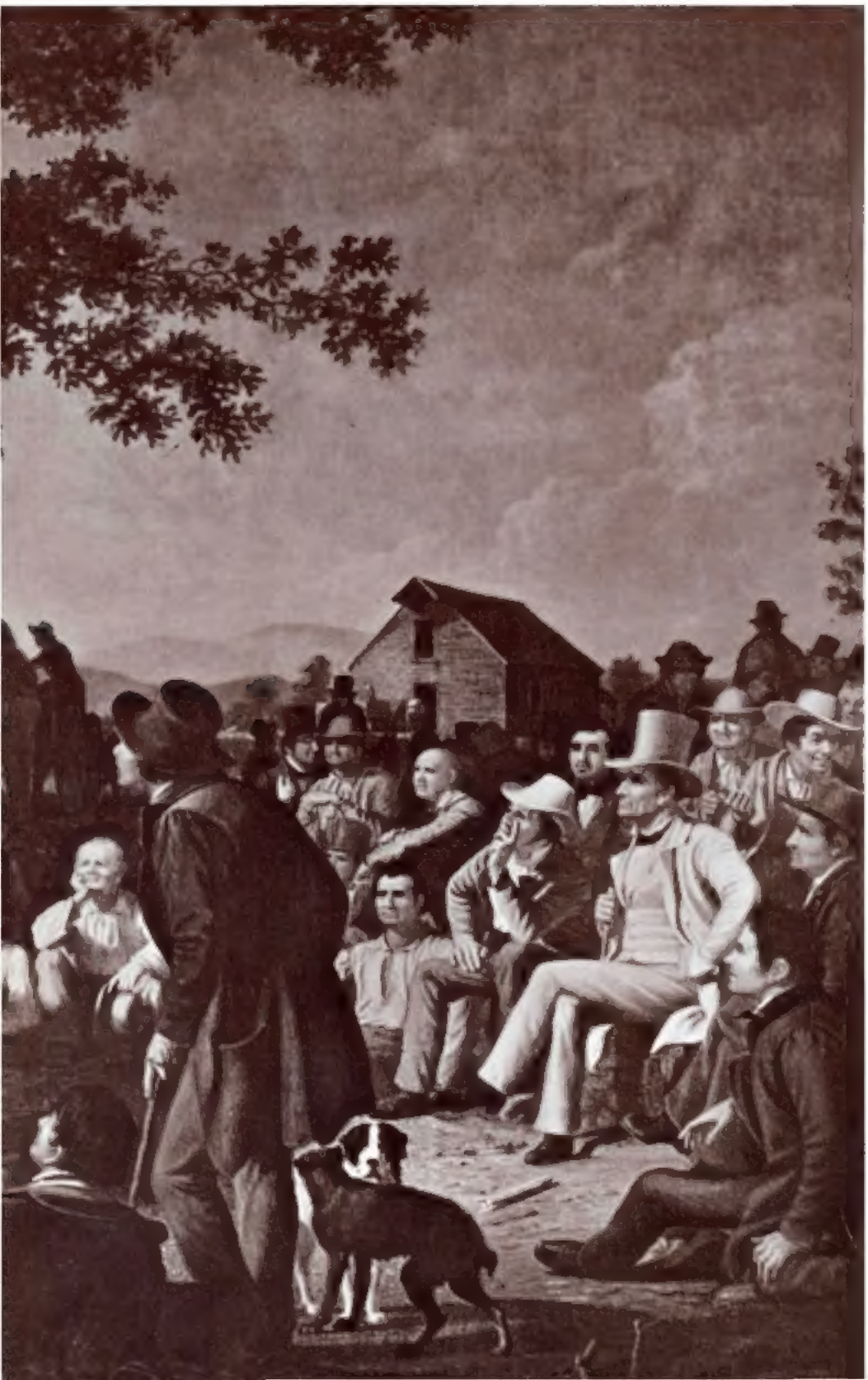
THE AMERICAN WEST



COVER: *"Stump Speaking," or "The County Canvass," was painted by George Caleb Bingham in 1853 and 1854 as one of several studies depicting the antics of politicking on the Missouri frontier. In a letter describing his progress on the painting, Bingham pointed out one of the difficulties in its execution and briefly outlined his purposes: "A new head is continually popping up and demanding a place in the crowd, and as I am a thorough democrat, it gives me pleasure to accommodate them all. The consequence, of this impertinence on one side and indulgence on the other, is that instead of the select company which my plan at first embraced, I have an audience that would be no discredit to the most populous precinct of Buncomb . . . .*

"In my orator I have endeavored to personify a wiry politician, grown gray in the pursuit of office and the service of the party. His influence upon the crowd is quite manifest, but I have placed behind a shrewd clear-headed opponent, who is busy taking notes, and who will, when his turn comes, make sophisms fly like cobwebs before the housekeeper's broom."

For a more thorough discussion of the work of western artist George Caleb Bingham see "The Jolly Flatboatmen" on page 41.

THE

AMERICAN WEST

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THE MAGAZINE OF THE WESTERN HISTORY ASSOCIATION

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Staircase in The Rookery (1885–1888), Chicago, Burnham & Root architects. (Photograph by Donald Hoffman, from his The Meanings of Architecture: The Buildings and Writings of John Wellborn Root, *Horizon Press, 1967.)*

CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

D. H. Burnham is pictured here in a characteristic role — supervising the design for Chicago's Columbian Exposition of 1893, a fair whose architecture bore the marks of Burnham's love for the grandly classical — or, as unadmiring critics Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright might have put it, "the dead hand of Rome."

DANIEL H. BURNHAM:

Tycoon of Western Architecture

BY ROGER G. KENNEDY

In March, Roger Kennedy wrote of Harvey Ellis, the vagrant genius of midwestern architecture. The precursor of Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright, Ellis designed the first steel-frame "skyscraper" (never built) and adorned the midcontinental cities of the late 1880's with Gothic fantasies. He worked in a haze of romance and alcohol and near-anonymity. He was a creator, an originator, a man who did not know where he was going. The qualities of Harvey Ellis, for better or worse, stand in bold contrast to those of D. H. Burnham, operator extraordinary, a different sort of blossom in the flowering of midwesten architecture.

IT WAS NOT UNTIL 1912 that the architectural profession paid much attention to the departed Harvey Ellis. Then, in a burst of nostalgia, the *Western Architect* reproduced a series of his designs, small, impractical, painstaking, decorative. It was as if the editors were commenting ironically both on Ellis's small focus and upon the death that year of Daniel Burnham, who had made famous the expression, "Make no little plans."

"Make no little plans," he had said. "They have no magic to stir men's blood and probably will not be realized. Make big plans; aim high in hope and work, remembering that a noble, logical diagram once recorded will never die, but long after we are gone will be a living thing, asserting itself with ever-growing insistency." Burnham made it clear that he was not talking of plans for big buildings, but of plans for groups of buildings, for panoramas, vistas, avenues, malls. If Ellis was the architect of romance, Burnham was the architect of grandeur.

Burnham was the tycoon of architects. He redesigned whole cities, left his giant imprint upon the taste of a generation, formed the first corporation to manufacture architecture, worked with his staff in suites of offices and in a private pullman car, entertained grandly in his own estate, and is said to have made a million dollars.

Burnham looked upon Harvey Ellis and Frank Lloyd Wright and Louis Sullivan, less attuned than he to the architectural appetites of the age of the trusts, and he was certain that men so fascinated with detail could never achieve largeness of expression. Men who could be satisfied to work in small buildings or could spend hours upon the design of ornament were not the sort of men who could be trusted with large matters. He told a colleague: "Never mind detail, never mind decoration. Look for scale. Establish it, get it right, then you can safely leave ornamental and decorative detail to the allied artist. Some architects fail to recognize this great truth. They try to do it all themselves . . . ." Some envious competitor might have replied that it was easy for a man with two hundred assistants to "take the broad view"; Wright and Sullivan, who were not envious, replied that with two thousand they would not have practiced the profession as did Burnham. But that is to get ahead of the story, for the contest between Burnham and his colleagues and the men of the Ellis-Sullivan-Wright tradition cannot be apprehended rightly until the grand and complex character of Burnham himself is examined afresh.

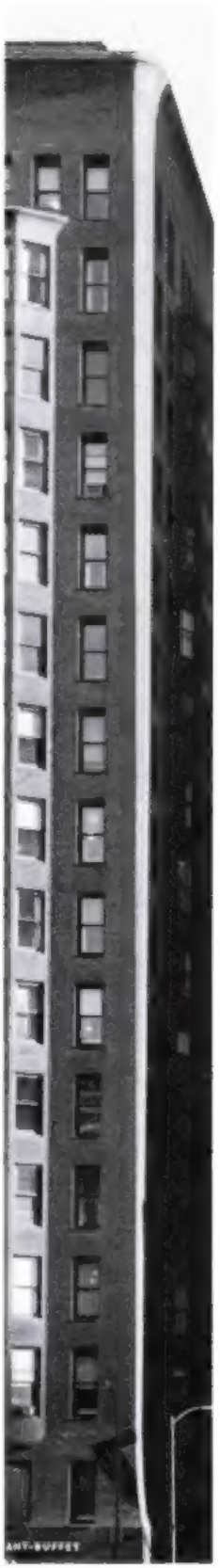
As a young man he was affectionate, eager, unsubtle, and surging with ambition. He wanted success in the world's eyes, wanted it enough to apply to himself and to his art a rigorous discipline, an exacting adaptation to fashionable example. Everyone observed in him, when he was middle aged and a tycoon among tycoons, the force of a character proceeding with immense energy within a narrow channel. In private he was a man who sought out friends with the same intensity as he sought out clients, and who gave himself in friendship without the reserve customary in his time.

His childhood and youth were, in many ways, like that of Harvey Ellis. He was born in 1846 in upstate New York (Hendersonville) of middle-class parents who, as he grew up, had frequently to reach out to set him back on course. His biographer, Charles Moore, gives us an occasional glimpse of the real Burnham of those

years (though in his book the wild young man is frozen into a series of conventional poses): When Burnham was eight, the family moved to Chicago, where his father built up a comfortable mercantile business. "Schoolbooks had few attractions" for Daniel, but he loved to draw and write romantic stories; all his life he would read and reread *The Three Musketeers* and *Tartarian of Tarascon*. At fifteen, he enlisted for the Civil War and was "firmly extricated" by his father. By this time "his neglect of books was so flagrant" that only his charm kept him enrolled, together with "the blackboard creations that brought distinction to his class on public occasions." His father engaged a private tutor to prepare him for Harvard, first, and then for Yale, but without success. Next came a "place" arranged in "a mercantile house"—selling shoes. Years later Frank Lloyd Wright spat out his verdict on Burnham-the-Great, saying that he "would have been equally great in the hat, cap, or shoe business," but Wright was a bad judge of character and could not have imagined how different from the pompous tycoon he knew had been the restless youth. The young Burnham was a failure in the shoe business because of "the irksomeness of business routine on an active minded youth. . . . After four months of restlessness, his father . . . committed him" to the care of the architects Loring and Jenney.

Then, like Mark Twain, Burnham heard the siren song of easy riches in the Nevada gold mines and soon departed Major Jenney's office for the West. "The mining venture in Nevada failed; and Burnham also was defeated for the office of State Senator . . . [and] returned to Chicago in December, 1870, rumor has it on a cattle train." He tried the independent practice of architecture and then selling plate glass. Neither succeeded. At last, however, his father placed him in the right hands. He found Daniel a job with the architectural firm of Carter, Drake, and Wight, though he knew that there was plenty of roistering (Moore refers to "convivial propensities") among the young draftsmen. In that firm Burnham met John Root, a genius in design who would become his friend and partner; through Root he met his wife and, with her, his first great commission.

Both Root and Burnham were "affectionate in temperament," and they struck up an "early, deep, and abiding friendship." They left the large office and set up their own firm, paying twenty dollars a month in



Probably the greatest solid masonry structure of modern times, Chicago's Monadnock Block endures as a monument to Burnham's partner, John Wellborn Root. The design of the building began in 1884, with a theme of ornament derived from the lotus and papyrus of ancient Egypt. When the project began to take firmer shape in 1889, Root simplified and refined the line and proportions to the point that the perfection of structure and form seems the only architectural theme or style. Yet the papyrus is still there, in attenuated, abstract elegance—as can be seen most clearly in the photograph at the left. Before the Monadnock was completed, Root was dead, and his eulogy was delivered in the night of despair by Daniel Burnham: "I have worked, I have schemed and dreamed to make us the greatest architects of the world . . . and now he dies—damn! damn! damn!"

rent, "with a couple of pencils, a piece of rubber, a few boards, two stools, and a couple dozen thumb tacks." It was pleasant for Burnham to remember this forty years later when, the frontier of Nevada and his roistering youth far behind him, he could look out upon a drafting room with a hundred heads bent over their boards and a hundred million dollars of work in process.

In the early years of their partnership Burnham lived at home, prodded by his father, encouraged by his mother, and (according to Moore) becoming increasingly "determined to succeed and ready to pay the price of success." Root secured a large commission to build a house on Prairie Avenue for John B. Sherman, a "man of wealth and influence." Sherman's daughter Margaret was charmed with Burnham, and her father was willing to gamble on the young man's determination to succeed. The marriage took place on January 20, 1876. Burnham's fortunes improved. His marriage "proved a stimulant to ambition and a steadying force in life." His wife "maintained a home patriarchal in character, abundant in hospitality. . . . The commission given by Mr. Sherman . . . led directly to others."

Burnham was hardening, focusing, directing his ample energies. Moore says of him that he believed that "men at their best were channels for a super-force or intelligence . . . he apparently judged them by their power to overcome. One day in his office he said to me, coming very close, eyes luminous (blue eyes shot with tiny flecks of dull fire): 'Selfishness and envy is in us all; it is in you, it is in me; the difference in men lies in their power to overcome and control themselves.' " Burnham was no dry, cold manipulator, like H. H. Harriman or Henry Clay Frick; nor was he blind to beauty, like some of the businessmen with whom he came to work; nor was he immune to the softening and distractions of friendship. He was a man who had affections and a need for love and beauty, but who lived in a time when success required prudence in the selection of friends and was measured in dollar-volume. He learned to control himself, to repress in himself "selfishness," by which he apparently meant self-indulgence, and to distrust it in others. His architecture was grand, cold, derivative, and wasted no effort in ornamental concessions to human scale. He was a midwestern frontier figure, fully expressing in his life and in his art the requirements of his time.

Harriet Monroe, who was in love with John Root, her brother-in-law, wrote a memoir of him that expressed her resentment of his relationship with Burnham and of Burnham's assertion, after Root's death, of his own primacy in the accomplishments of the partnership. She spoke of Burnham's "unconquerable egoism." Louis Sullivan, his rival, felt that he had been bulldozed out of the way by Burnham's "fixed irrevocable purpose" to put himself, without challenge, at the head of the largest architectural business in the world. This was ambition, said Sullivan, "for the sake of which he would bend or sacrifice all else," and quoted Burnham as having once told his more artistic colleagues that "my idea is to work up a big business, to handle big things, deal with big businessmen, and to build up a big organization, for you can't handle big things unless you have an organization." The *Architectural Record* observed how Burnham used his organization: "He was the dictator who organized the work of the various mechanical and technical experts who contributed to the making of tall buildings."

One of his colleagues said that Burnham was a "locomotive under full steam." Yet this locomotive was sentimental. It is true that his friendships were always useful, as his marriage had been (John Root was the best possible partner; Charles F. McKim, the chief of the eastern wing of the architectural establishment; Lyman Gage, a powerful banker and client), but it is also true that he gave affection to his friends without inhibition and without stint. His correspondence with McKim is typical. In 1893 he wrote:

My Dear Charles:
Again I thank you for happy memories. So many cluster round your loved name in my mind now, I cannot commence to count them. You reserve nothing; but all comes to your friend, D. H. Burnham. . . .

Eleven years later, when McKim was being attacked for his architectural plans for the mall in Washington, Burnham stood by him and signed a letter, "My love to you, as always." These were not effusive times, and correspondence between middle-aged businessmen-architects was customarily dusty with the dead flowers of decorum. Burnham's bounteous nature was permitted to flow out in private relationships, though in public it was always controlled by his striving for success. Harriet Monroe, Wright, and Sullivan all deplored his influence and resented his egotism, but they agreed upon his good temper and generosity. Sullivan admitted that he was "open-minded, just, magnanimous." Wright told of Burnham's offer to send him to the Ecole des Beaux

Arts, that he might gain the formal education that Burnham would have wanted for himself. Miss Monroe, trying to be fair, admitted that Burnham had "initiative, strength of will, and a certain splendor of enthusiasm which captured men and held them."

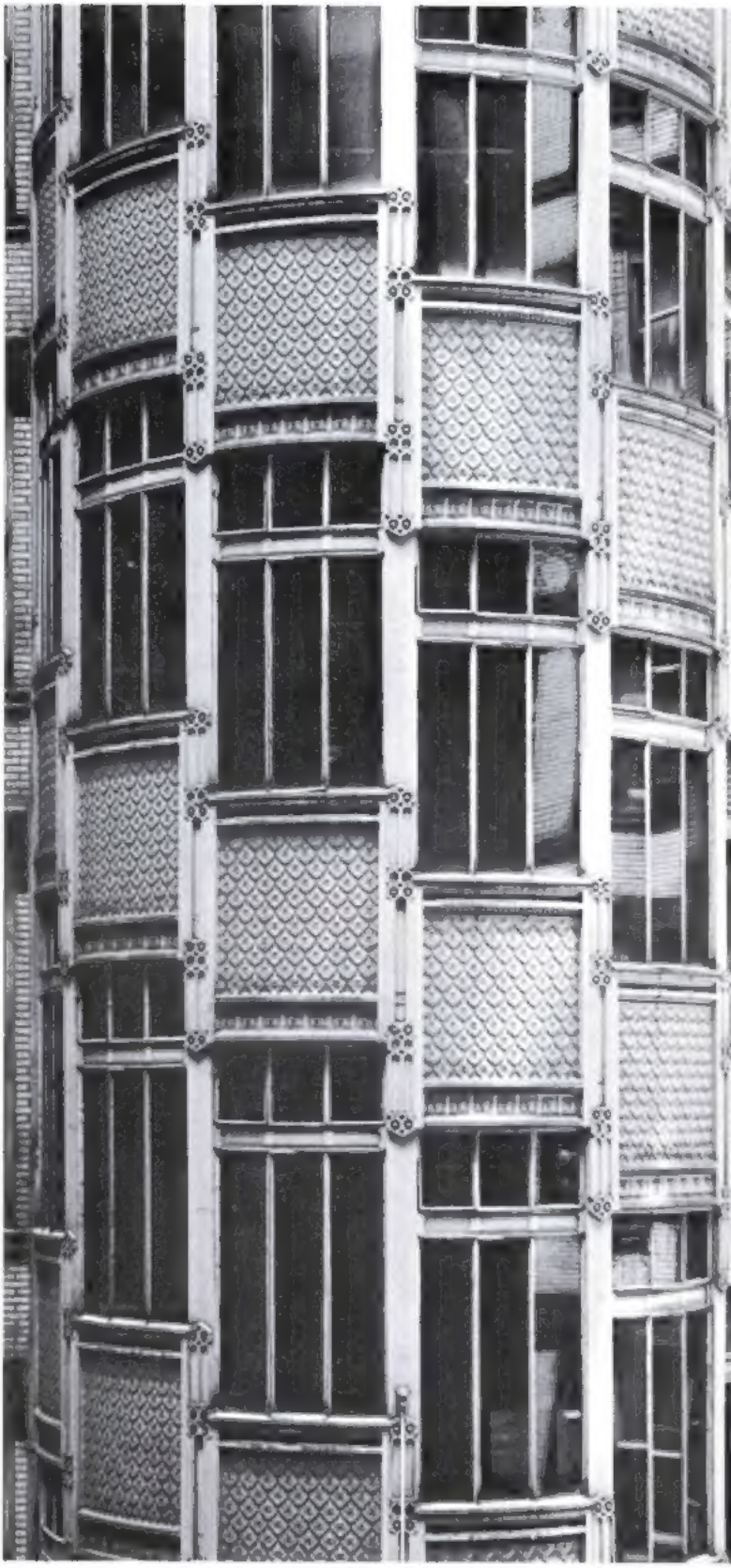
But never did he permit himself indulgence in business matters. Charles Moore blurs the details but tells of an occasion in which Burnham went to work on a colleague, behind closed doors, and "after a long interview between the two alone, Mr. Burnham admitted that he had 'brought tears'." Burnham kept a tight rein on himself, permitted no one on his staff to become too interested in a project or to lavish upon it too much time. It may be that this discipline was expressed in his compulsive cleanliness. Moore observed that:

> To Mr. Burnham cleanliness seemed not next to godliness, but on a par with it. Hence his use of white marble and glass in corridors. He planned so that every spot should show, and hence the building must be kept clean.

This was the man who had it in his power to establish a "uniform ceremonious style" for American architecture, who stifled vitality to achieve an ordered and impeccable magnitude. Out of his office poured a series of designs for big, bland buildings, and they were built in all the major cities of the nation, from San Francisco to Washington, New York, and Boston. He was not interested in the small delights of ornament, the intimate and human pleasure of a surprising space or an unexpected detail. What he wanted, and what his clients wanted, was "an orderly and fitting arrangement of many buildings." He believed that "the relationship of all the buildings is more important than anything else." To his credit was the enlarging of the scope not just of the organization of American architecture, but of its vision as well.

Burnham's organization did handle "big things": plans for Manilla, Cleveland, Minneapolis, Chicago, San Francisco. He helped westerners understand the beauty of the lakes, the prairie, and the sky; he forced them to make parks of sand flats and boggy meadows. His was the imagination that rescued the mall between the Washington Monument and the Capitol Building from railroad tracks. His mightiest accomplishment was the assemblage of talent that created on Chicago's lakefront the World's Columbian Exposition in 1892–1893.

His contribution to architecture as an art is a subject of considerable debate. Some critics point out that after Root's death D. H. Burnham and Company did



Still a celebrated Chicago landmark, The Rookery is as famous for its detail as the Monadnock is for its severe unity. Above is the outside of the spiral staircase seen in the frontispiece, rising through the glazed brick and terracotta splendor of an interior court.

Burnham's approach to Twin Peaks.

good work; the Reliance Building, in particular, is magnificent. On the other hand, Harriet Monroe asserted that Burnham had little real talent for design.

Later, Burnham was cast as Lucifer in the cosmic drama written by the admirers of Louis Sullivan, who regarded him as having betrayed western architecture when he turned over control of the Columbian Exposition to eastern practitioners of the "grandiloquent and archaeological" classic style. Frank Lloyd Wright called Burnham's influence "a tragic travesty . . . perversion . . . a blight upon our progress . . . a senseless reversion. . . ." Sullivan asserted that it was "the most subtle and slow-acting of poisons . . . an imperceptible miasma within the white shadow of a higher culture . . . the bogus antique . . . snobbish and alien to the land." After Root's death and Sullivan's slow decline from eminence, Burnham's success encouraged allegations (never supported by Sullivan) that he had deliberately isolated Sullivan from his clients by patronizing him as "an impractical artist." By this time, however, it seems likely that Burnham would have sincerely regarded Sullivan as such. He had come to accept completely his role as a thinker of big thoughts, a tycoon moving from commission to commission in his private pullman-office.

Burnham was an architect. What was his view of himself and of the profession of which he had made so celebrated a success? Why was he so eager to become a businessman, so anxious not to be put down as an artist? It can be answered immediately that it would have taken a man of Wright's stamina and genius to stand against the currents of his time and to refuse accommodation to the almost universal adulation of the tycoon. Look at the Midwest in their time!

The settlement and exploitation of the Mississippi Valley presented for the reaping an incredible harvest, a harvest men had not planted. The trees had grown high and thick; the prairie was deep with the accumulated loam of the ages; the prairie animals bore hides

"My idea," Burnham said, "is to work up a big business, to handle big things, deal with big businessmen, and to build up a big organization, for you can't handle big things unless you have an organization." Burnham had acquired his big organization by the turn of the century, and in 1904 the Association for the Improvement and Adornment of San Francisco provided him with the opportunity to handle one of the biggest things imaginable—the redesign of an entire city. Burnham went at it with characteristic sweep, and his Report on a Plan for San Francisco, *published by the city in 1905, was a testament to the scale of his vision: "We must remember," he said, "that a meager plan will fall short of perfect achievement, while a great one will yield large results, even if it is never fully realized." His plan was not meager. Drawing upon such classical antecedents as Paris, Vienna, and Rome—always Rome—he and his staff conceived of a city of classical facades, ringed by spacious boulevards and ornamented with "places" and parks. Among the plans was one that called for the purchase of all land in and about Twin Peaks for a massive park complex, consisting of forest glades, fountains, an amphitheatre, sites for villas, an Academy for "the accommodation of men in various branches of intellectual and artistic pursuits," and an Atheneum of courts, terraces, and colonnaded shelters. Hardly less stupendous was his proposed treatment of Telegraph Hill, which called for a "monument symbolical of some phase of the city's life," a series of lush terraces, parkways, view sites, spiraling footpaths, and, as usual, magnificent villas fit to grace any of the seven hills of Rome. The earthquake and fire of April, 1906, could scarcely have happened at a more opportune moment from the standpoint of the*

(Continued overleaf)

A view of the Twin Peaks approach today.

that the Indians were prepared to collect in return for a few trinkets and a little bad whisky. After the harvest of furs came the harvest of lumber and then the harvest of wheat. Riches poured forth from the land. There was hard labor needed to gather it up, but a man with a flair for managing his fellow men could organize and discipline that labor. Extraction could proceed, retarded only occasionally by depressions when the capacity of the earth to pour forth bounty outran the capacity of civilization to absorb it.

During the 1880's a territory larger than that of the thirteen original states was populated; or as Frederick Jackson Turner noted, there was added to the farms of the nation a territory equal to France, Germany, England, and Wales. Chicago grew from 300,000 people in 1870 to 1,700,000 in 1900. Real estate values there reached two hundred and fifty dollars per square foot in 1892. Minneapolis–St. Paul doubled in population between 1880 and 1883, and doubled again by 1888. And no wonder. The "lines" that fed this center were reaching out into the Dakotas, Kansas, and Nebraska, while the population of parts of those states quadrupled. Railroad mileage in the Dakotas grew from 399 in 1880 to 4,726 in 1890; in Nebraska, from 1,634 to 5,407. The Great Northern and Northern Pacific were pushed through to the West Coast; the range cattle industry moved northward into Montana and the Dakotas; and then, accumulating profusion upon profusion, another natural outpouring was added to the stands of lumber and burgeoning agriculture: iron ore, millions of tons of it, was found on the escarpments of the Lake Superior basin

In 1884 the first ore from the Vermilion range was shipped out of Two Harbors, bound for Andrew Carnegie's furnaces. James J. Hill and John D. Rockefeller were not long in driving off the local feudality, and by 1891 the Mesabi range was theirs. The population of the lumber and ore port of Duluth leapt from 3,000 in

(Continued from page 11)

great planner. The* Report *was so fresh off the presses that most of the printing burned with the old Civic Center. With the entire central city destroyed, there seemed no reason not to rebuild according to a plan that was supported by the most influential civic leaders, a plan obviously capable of capturing the imagination of the nation and the world. Yet even as Burnham raced back from France, the San Francisco* Chronicle *spoke of "practical need" and "financial wisdom." There were reasons why intelligent citizens might fault the grand plan—chiefest among them the expense and delay involved in laying out the new boulevards, condemning property, and relocating utilities. The need to rebuild quickly argued against the desire to rebuild differently. The grand scheme was fought over, modified, cut down, fought over—and finally "the damndest finest ruins" were more or less re-erected. The Burnham Plan was big enough, but the Almighty Quick Buck was bigger. And yet . . . the Burnham Plan was magnificent, but it would be hard for our eyes to see it as particularly beautiful, useful, or human. The radial and circumferential boulevards were handsome and well designed for a time when the automobile was actually a horseless carriage or locomotive dray, but the brutal grid of streets fixed by quick-buck speculators in the Gold Rush years now move a flow of traffic that D. H. Burnham could not have imagined. The Plan was big indeed, but not nearly big enough, not nearly great enough to be mourned.

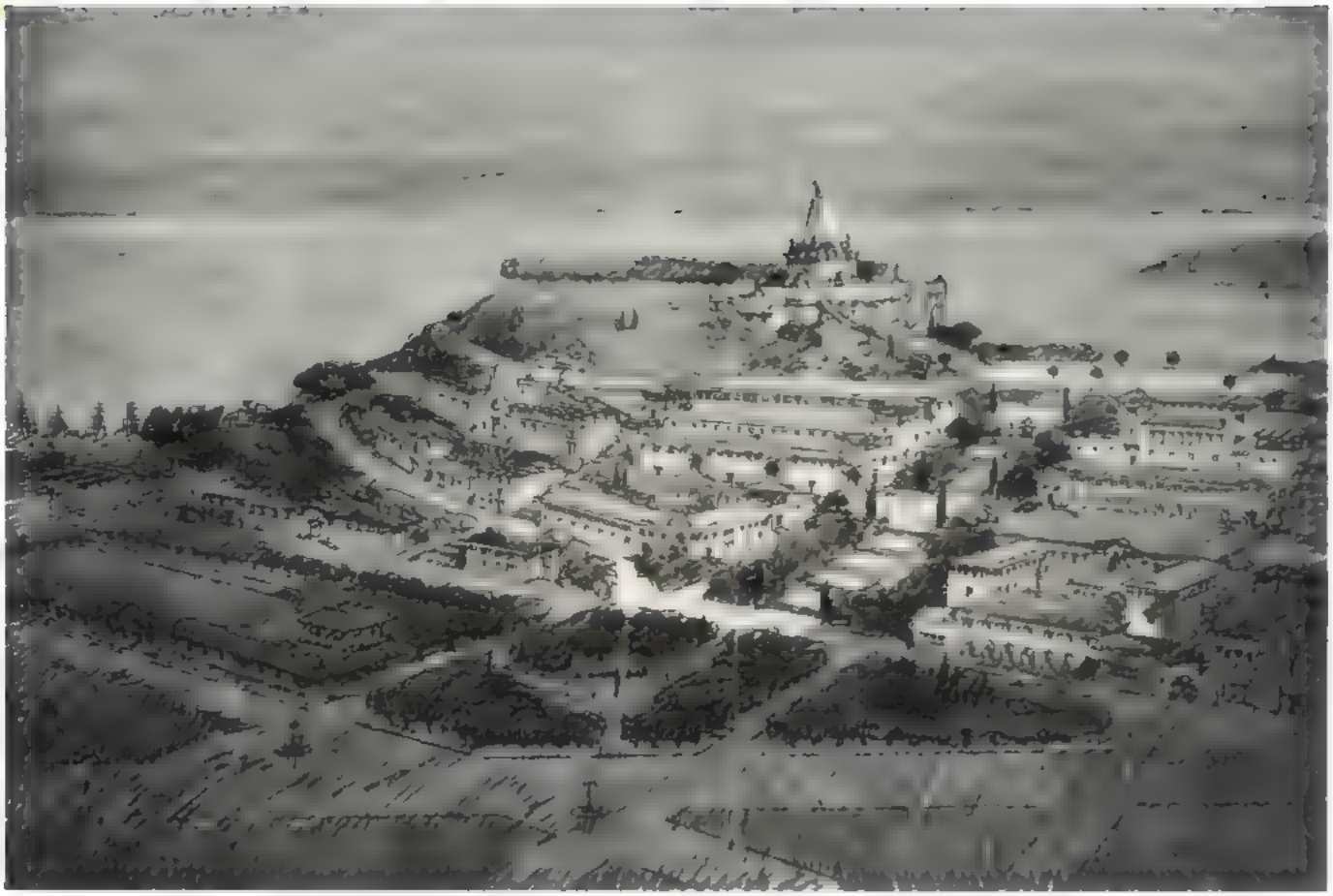
Telegraph Hill today.

1880 to 33,000 in 1890. Minneapolis used six million board feet of Minnesota lumber to lay sixty-seven miles of boardwalk in a single year, 1887.

With the outpouring of natural resources and wealth in the 1880's came opportunity for artists, particularly for architects. New cities had to be built to house millions of newcomers, and there was wealth aplenty in the hands of new rich, eager to display it. Daniel Burnham sensed the opportunity. Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright sensed it, too. Sullivan recalled that when he arrived in the West, he "looked at the sky . . . raised his hand and cried in full voice: 'THIS IS THE PLACE FOR ME! . . .' Louis thought it all magnificent and wild: a crude extravaganza: an intoxicating rawness: a sense of big things to be done." Wright, a few years later, felt the intoxication in what he called "that unconsciously—but naturally, thank God!—revolutionary time."

It was a time of wonders. In Chicago Burnham and Root's Monadnock Building and Louis Sullivan's auditorium carried masonry towers higher than they had ever been carried before. In St. Louis appeared Ellis's railroad station and Sullivan's Wainwright Building, masterpieces of the first order. In Minneapolis E. Townsend Mix showed in his Metropolitan Building that glass could open out the interiors of office buildings like vertical arcades. All through the region, boldness, ambition, enterprise, and power expressed themselves.

It was Burnham who best understood that the age required organization, that power was flowing into larger and larger combinations. Many years later Louis Sullivan recalled that "during this period there was well under way the formation of mergers, combinations, and trusts in the industrial world. The only architect in Chicago to catch the significance of the movement was Daniel Burnham, for in its tendency toward bigness, organization, delegation, and intense commercialism, he sensed the reciprocal workings of his own mind."



Burnham's Telegraph Hill.

Frank Lloyd Wright, who was less generous in his esti mate, called Burnham a "master manager." To Wright, who thought of himself primarily as an artist (though he was in fact a master manager himself), this was an expression of derision. To midwesterners generally, however, it would be a high compliment to be said to be like Marshall Field or Frederick Weyerhaeuser or Philip Armour. Most middle-class midwesterners were as proud of Marshall Field as he was of himself, but they reserved their highest admiration for the railroad builders. Of them it was said by Lord Bryce, Britain's ambassador to the United States: "... railroad kings are among the greatest men, perhaps I may say the greatest men, in America ..They have power, more power —that is, more opportunity of making their will prevail—than perhaps anyone in political life, except the President and the Speaker, who after all hold theirs only for four years and two years, while the railroad monarch may keep his for life."

Burnham longed to achieve eminence like that. Louis Sullivan understood Burnham, and was fascinated by the growing power of the tycoon image to transform his friend and competitor into a tycoon. Sullivan understood how powerful was the chorus that rang in Burnham's ears: "All rejoiced ... that these great men, these mighty men, had ... risen from the ranks of the common people ... and their hymn arose and went shimmering as a paean to their mighty ones ... Captains of Industry, Kings of this, Barons of that, Merchant Princes, Railroad Magnates, Wizards of Finance, or, as Burnham said one day to Louis: 'Think of a man like Morgan, who can take a man like Cassatt in the palm of his hand and set him on the throne of the Pennsylvania [Railroad]!' And thus, in its way, the populace sang hymns to its heroes." Burnham had, by sheer charm and power of will, made himself a success, and his definition of success was that of the businessmen he so admired.

It is never quite fair to mistake exhortation for affirmation; a sales pitch and a confession are not made alike. But in the language Burnham used to invoke support for his Grand Plan for Chicago can be seen something of the working of his mind. Why should Chicago make herself beautiful? Because "beauty has always paid better than any other commodity and always will." Paris was made beautiful by Napoleon the Third, and Athens by Pericles, he said, to attract money. "Pericles perceived . . . that though men might seek wealth in other lands, they should come to Athens to spend it."

Thorstein Veblen was, at that very time, lampooning the propensity of the rich for "conspicuous consumption," for "invidious waste." Burnham saw it otherwise:

> We need the life that will display itself upon their lawns, upon these terraces, and upon the stairways. We need the vying with each other that is sure to come, in the matter of their family boats or water craft. . . . The great dignity and the display surrounding splendid homes is really the vital point in the *tout ensemble* [and then in a devout expression of the trickle-down theory of economics]. . . . Those who must have employment in order to live . . . depend upon the circulation among them of plenty of ready money, and can this be brought about without the presence of large numbers of well-to-do people?

Whereas Harvey Ellis "could not endure the patronage" of the wealthy, Burnham, like F. Scott Fitzgerald, needed "the consoling proximity of the rich." At the core of his enthusiasm and his energy was a lack of confidence in himself as a practitioner of his profession. From that lack of confidence came a dependence upon the opinions of others and, especially, upon precedents, the accumulated opinions of the past. Charles Moore, in unconscious irony, says that "all his life he felt the lack of that mental training which comes of an early acquaintance with the lessons taught by the past."

Once, according to Moore, he scanned a design of a young associate and asked: "What is your authority for that?"

"I am," answered the egotistical youth. "It is original."

"Oh!" said Mr. Burnham. "Get a good authority."

It is not strange that Frank Lloyd Wright preferred not to accept Burnham's patronage, nor that Louis Sullivan's response to Rome was so different from Burnham's. For Sullivan Rome was a place to restore his rebellious individuality in communion with Michelangelo, into whose presence he came when, as a student, he visited the Sistine Chapel. Sullivan confronted there "a superman . . . a great Free Spirit . . . [and] was filled with the awe that stills. Here he came face to face with the first great adventurer. The first mighty man of courage. The first man with a Great Voice. . . . The first mighty Craftsman." When Sullivan returned to America he was determined to demand of himself an achievement as vast as Michelangelo's, the creation of a new architecture, "to start on the course of practical experimentation . . . that no architectural dictum, or tradition, or superstition, or habit should stand in the way."

Burnham made his way to Rome some years later, and his response was somewhat different. His clients were welcoming the classic revival that he, under the urging of the "eastern men," had made the official architecture of the 1893 Exposition. Rome was to him not an arena in which Michelangelo struggled to extend the limits of art but a cemetery where achievement was eternal and unchanging. There he felt that "the fleeting, the transitory, the ephemeral, the self-assertive, the struggle for originality, all seemed to drop out of mind." It was pleasant to have available such a vast inventory of material about which no questions of propriety could be raised and for which there was a steady demand. Pleasant, that is, unless a man were persuaded he had something better to offer.

Burnham's grandeur was timid. There is a difference between the image of Burnham set forth by his admirers and that private, almost embarrassing view of him that is revealed by those who thought him to be less than met the eye.

Burnham was always conscious of his appearance. He counseled a client upon Washington's injunctions about an imposing demeanor, and memorized the advice of a great French actor on how to make a striking entrance down a flight of stairs. Moore remembers him as he wanted to be remembered:

> Mr. Burnham had a commanding presence, he was five feet eleven inches in height, with a broad forehead, blue eyes, and straight nose. His hair was brown and his mouth was covered by a heavy mustache. His square chin gave evidence of determination, but the dimple planted in it made for companionship. His bright complexion and full face made up a most agreeable personality. His disposition had two extremes: he could be severe, hard, exacting, regardless of the feelings of anybody who went contrary to the programme laid down; on the other hand he could be affectionate, jovial, companionable, entertaining, and generously hospitable. In neither case did he ever lose his dignity.

D. H. Burnham titled this sketch "Suggested Treatment for Existing Domestic Street Frontages" in his plan for a beautiful San Francisco. It never caught on, but in the words of one distinguished architectural critic "I guess it beats asbestos shingle."

Did he not? Sullivan tells a story—certainly prejudiced but almost certainly true—of Burnham's prostrating himself before the eastern architects who had had the Beaux Arts training he desperately missed. His appearance before them, as they assembled to plan the Columbian Exposition, was recorded by Sullivan, who served as secretary for the meeting: Burnham began by "progressively and grossly apologizing to the eastern men for the presence of their benighted brethren of the West. Dick Hunt [the venerable Richard Morris Hunt, the first American to graduate from the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, who was presiding over the gathering] interrupted: 'Hell, we haven't come out here on a missionary expedition. Let's get to work.' "

John Root had died of pneumonia while the World's Fair was being planned, and Burnham was left exposed. Root had been the partnership's designer while Burnham had been its salesman and organizer. But Root had also satisfied Burnham's craving for friendship, and it is strange to see Burnham as Harriet Monroe saw him on the night of his partner's death, keeping his vigil in the room where Root's body was laid out. He paced the floor for hours, talking to himself aloud; "he shook his fist and cursed the murderous fates . . . : 'I have worked, I have schemed and dreamed to make us the greatest architects of the world —I have made him see it and kept him at it—and now he dies—damn! damn! damn!' "

There was Daniel Burnham, there in that midnight fear, unprotected. Together he and Root had stood with the Chicago spirit of innovation, had made their own contributions to the aesthetic and engineering triumphs of the 1880's and early 1890's. Without Root he went on to ever greater financial success, but his buildings, however grand, were prosaic. He gave his clients the monuments they wanted, affirming in forms borrowed from Roman antiquity the orthodoxy of bigness and the importance of the facade. He was always practical, always soundly supported by precedent, always therefore providing, in concrete and granite, expressions of the world as it was and the world as it had been. Never did he evidence any desire to escape into any other dreams, never to break through into any new and better forms. Therefore his accomplishments seem venerable but dull, while those of Harvey Ellis or Louis Sullivan or Frank Lloyd Wright are exciting, because even when they fail as composition they are convincing as aspiration.

But Burnham was a man of his place and time, and it is a long way from Chicago to Camelot. □

Roger G. Kennedy, *currently a banker in St. Paul, Minnesota, is the author of* Minnesota Houses: An Architectural and Historical View *(1967), and a former newsman and producer for NBC; among his many productions for the network was the origination, with Gerald Green, of the "Today" show.*

I CATCH THE BANK ROBBER

BY CHET HUNTLEY

Editor's note: *Chet Huntley, one of television's most respected newsmen and commentators, spent much of his early life in the high plains and mountain country of Montana—a land that still held many of the hardships, color, and excitement of a frontier environment at the time of his birth in 1913.*

In The Generous Years: Remembrances of a Frontier Boyhood, *to be published next month by Random House, he tells the story of a youth spent working and living on scattered ranches when "the scent of hay was sweet on the Saco Flats," and of life in railroad towns in an era when the great steam locomotives of the Northern Pacific, the Burlington, and the North Coast Limited still labored over the Continental Divide, leaving the melancholy trace of their whistles lingering in the mountain air. These and many other experiences he recalls with great affection, with gratitude to his parents and grandparents, who permitted him "to know and remember a few years and a few scenes of the nation's last frontier."*

In the following excerpt from The Generous Years, *Huntley recounts one of the more scarifying episodes of his life in the railroad town of Whitehall—the day he determined to be a hero, and learned that the rewards of heroism are not always what they are cracked up to be.*

The author at about the age of two. Is there a suggestion of the incipient hero in the firm jaw displayed here, not to mention the devil-may-care grin and the steely, unswerving gaze?

IN MY THIRD YEAR OF HIGH SCHOOL I worked in the Whitehall State Bank after classes and on Saturdays. My responsibilities were somewhat varied, ranging from the pedestrian tasks of sweeping out, filling inkwells, and stoking the furnace, to posting the statements, sometimes posting the ledger, numbering checks, and seeing that the outgoing mail got to the post office.

Mr. Roberts, the bank manager, graciously consented to my playing football that autumn, which necessitated a slight alteration in my schedule. I practiced with the team after classes, ate a hurried dinner at home, and then went to the bank to discharge my responsibilities. Why Mr. Roberts put up with it, I was never certain, unless he felt that he was making his patriotic contribution to the excellence of the football team. If so, I hasten to add that Mr. Roberts' gift to the team was modest; my absence at right tackle would not have left a gaping hole in the line.

One Thursday evening, as I unlocked the front door of the bank and stepped inside, I was certain I heard a movement of some sort. I switched on the lights, searched the restroom, the backrooms, and the basement but found nothing. I finished my work and went home.

On Friday evening, as I was posting statements, I heard a slight scuffling and scraping that seemed to come from the ceiling. Something apparently had fallen onto the roof, and was flapping in the wind. I would go up in the morning and investigate.

A slight skiff of snow fell that night and began to melt the next morning when the sun came up. However, as I opened the bank door, started the furnace and readied the establishment for a busy Saturday, I saw water trickling from the ceiling and forming a pool in the middle of the floor. I mopped up the puddle, dragged a long ladder out of the basement, leaned it against the building, and climbed to the roof.

Near the skylight lay an old blanket. I picked it up and uncovered a yawning hole in the roof! Peering down into the dark attic, I saw the top of the vault, from which a generous number of bricks had been removed and stacked to one side. As my eyes adjusted to the darkness, I detected a tin can hanging from the electric wiring. Dropping through the opening in the roof, I found that the tin can contained a light bulb. I turned it in its socket, and there in the harsh light at my feet was the whole story!

Drills, hammers, chisels, and tools of all description were laid neatly on top of the vault. Where the bricks had been removed, the workman had penetrated to the steel lining, and had cut a gash of about eight inches with an acetylene torch.

My first reaction was one of bewilderment and utter disbelief, followed quickly by the recollection of a sign that was hung prominently in the window of the bank: $40,000 REWARD FOR THE APPREHENSION OF ANYONE ATTEMPTING TO ROB THIS BANK. It also occurred to me, however, that the project might be weeks old, the bandit having given up or been frightened off, and that the whole thing would probably end in nothing more than a tedious cleanup job.

I unscrewed the bulb, hoisted myself up through the hole in the roof, carefully arranged the blanket as I had found it and returned to the bank.

But I had a genuine problem: could I keep this electrifying information to myself, or did I have a solemn duty to report it to my employers? Furiously, I debated with myself and realized that the longer I delayed the more I was inviting censure.

Mr. Roberts was out of town that day, leaving Mr. Hardin in charge. Mr. Hardin, the teller and assistant manager, was a little gnome of a man; he was kind and gentle, almost repulsively neat and efficient, and grossly underpaid. He had never been casual in his life; saying "good morning" was a project to be thought out carefully and tidied up afterward. Finally I decided to take him into my confidence.

When I told Mr. Hardin what I had found, he began to flutter. To my disgust and consternation he telephoned the information to the bank president, Mr. McKay, a white-haired and tightfisted old Scotsman, who had a substantial stake in virtually every enterprise in town. I could see that the whole adventure was to be taken out of my hands and that I was going to be reduced to a most obscure role. Mr. McKay said that he would summon the sheriff from Boulder, the county seat, and that we should continue with our work as though nothing were amiss.

At noon, I slipped out and called my classmate and friend, Bob Manlove, whose father was the town butcher. Bob agreed that neither of us could play an important part in this impending drama, but he did propose to sneak his older brother's National Guard .45 pistol out of the house and to come "armed" to join me after work.

Late that afternoon the sheriff and a deputy arrived from Boulder, and I was assigned to take them up to inspect the roof. The two law enforcement officers casually looked down through the hole in the roof and began to plan their strategy. No cautious robber, they reasoned, would venture to complete a job like this one that night, a Saturday night, when most of the stores were open to accommodate the ranchers. He was more likely to undertake it the following night, Sunday. However, they agreed that a lookout should be posted, and I took the opportunity to suggest that Bob and I could hide behind the skylight and summon the sheriff and his deputy if the bandit appeared. The deputy wanted to know how I intended to get down from the roof without alerting the robber. I had prepared for that. Bob and I could be on the roof of the adjoining building and still be hidden behind the skylight. Walking across the roof of the adjoining building toward the alley, we could reach the telephone pole at the rear, climb down the convenient steel rungs and run to the hotel for the sheriff.

The two officers candidly acknowledged their distaste for a cold night on a Whitehall rooftop and quickly agreed. They airily told Mr. Hardin the plans and retired to the hotel. Mr. Hardin went home, and the town settled down to a normal Saturday evening.

Bob and I choked down some food at my house. His brother's .45 was safely hidden in my dresser drawer. Mother inquired about our hurry, and we told her that we wanted to be on time for the movie. Safely out of the

house with the .45 and a flashlight, Bob and I walked down to Main Street. We loitered for a while in front of the movie house and offered thin excuses to our friends as to why we were not quite ready to buy our tickets and go inside. Finally, we decided to see the movie, reasoning that if the robber appeared that night, he would arrive late, and certainly we could hear him working if we arrived after he did. We went inside and enjoyed the picture, convinced that the sheriff was quite correct: and that the bank robber, if he ever returned, would not choose to work on a Saturday night.

After the movie, Bob and I sauntered around the block and approached the alley. When we were just inside the alley, Bob put a clip of ammunition into the .45, which had been bulging inside his shirt front all evening, pulled on the loading device, and let a bullet slide noisily into the chamber. Cautiously we made our way down the dark alley to the telephone pole, located where the rear walls of the bank and movie house joined. The drab backsides of J. C. Penney's, the grocery store, and the drugstore lay ahead in the alley, which was faintly lit at the far end by a small electric sign, hanging over the side entrance of the hotel.

I recall the spasm of misgiving I had when I gripped the cold steel rungs on the telephone pole and crept toward the roof. Although protected by a heavy shirt and warm jacket, I was going to be cold up there behind the skylight. I wished we had brought a blanket, but how could we have stolen it from our homes without provoking too many questions?

As I raised my head above the roof, I paused to listen for a moment. No sound came from the bank building. In the dim light reflected from Main Street, I saw the blanket was in place over the hole. Silently, Bob behind, I lifted myself up, and we edged toward our post behind the skylight, where we crouched down.

Our vigil was brief. No more than two or three minutes had passed, when I felt Bob's elbow in my side. On a telephone pole behind the drugstore, at the far end of the alley, silhouetted against the light from the hotel sign, a figure loomed up. I could see the bill on his cap and the high, upturned collar of a long heavy overcoat reaching well below the knees. Crouching, he made his way along the rear edge of the buildings, kicked the blanket away from the hole, and then stood and looked about for long moment. Not more than twelve feet away, we lay terrorized behind the skylight. I could see him through the glass—ten feet tall and mean! What in the name of all hell had I got myself into?

It seemed like hours before the figure somehow decided not to look behind the skylight, but dropped down and disappeared through the hole. He took a long time adjusting the blanket and his overcoat over the aperture in the roof. Presently, he went to work. He made an unbelievable amount of noise and was obviously a confident workman, assuming that anyone hearing his hammering and scraping would conclude that it was coming from the garage or perhaps the railroad station across Main Street.

Bob nodded to me, and I edged toward the point of exit, the telephone pole. The roof creaked under my knee, sounding like an avalanche, but the noise of illicit industry from the cranny of the bank continued without interruption. As I crept down the pole, my hands shook on the steel spikes. Safely on the ground, I sprinted up the alley, burst through the lobby of the hotel, and shouted to the sleepy old clerk that I had to get to the sheriff. What was his room number? Infuriatingly, old Tom wanted to know what all the excitement was about, and I placated him with a promise to tell him right away, if he would only tell me where the sheriff was.

I raced down the upstairs hall and banged on the door. A sleepy voice from inside mumbled a response.

"He's there," I shouted. "He's in the bank!"

The weary, indifferent voice said, "Okay, okay. We'll be along." Then followed the sounds of a body getting slowly out of bed and fumbling about for a light switch.

I waited for a long moment, then realized that the sheriff was going to take his time. He would then have to wake the deputy and wait for him to get dressed. Bob, meanwhile, was alone on the roof.

I ran back down the stairs, past old Tom, who was peering out of the front door, and sped down the alley. As I approached the bank building, I realized that the pounding and scraping had ceased. Had he discovered something? What had happened to Bob? I dared not call out. I knew I had to climb back up that pole!

I peered over the top of the building. Bob was still there, the .45 clutched in his hand and aimed over the top of the skylight, in the direction of the hole. But not a sound came from the hole—the silence was overwhelming. Inch by inch I made my way to Bob.

"He's found out something," he whispered.

We lay there for a long time. I recall how my pulse was banging in my ears.

The strain was somehow relieved by the obvious fact

that something was about to happen. Suddenly the overcoat and blanket began to move and disappeared into the chamber of horrors. In a moment the bill of the cap and the high collar rose out of the opening, and finally the shoulders of the man. My God! Could we let him get away? Would he come looking for us?

Bob made the decision. The .45 vomited a tongue of flame and shook the town. No artillery piece ever made that much noise.

Like a gopher the bandit ducked into the hole, and the tragicomedy was galvanized.

Bob leaped from behind the skylight shouting, "Come out of there! Put your hands up! Come out!"

Silence. Not a sound came out of the black cavern at our feet. I switched on the flashlight, and beaming it in the hole, I caught a glimpse of heavy boots and trouser legs.

"Come out of there!" we shouted.

Nothing happened.

Bob thrust the .45 into the hole, and again it roared and echoed over the sleepy little town.

A voice came out of the blackness—a defiant, angry voice. "I'm coming, goddamit! Just stop that shootin'!"

In the beam of the flashlight I could see a stooped figure, which finally straightened up, its head protruding from the opening.

"Put your hands up," I yelled.

My flashlight was everywhere—on the bandit, in Bob's face, and on myself—while Bob waved the .45 about.

"Get your hands out of there," I demanded.

But the man continued fumbling about, and no hands appeared.

In an outburst of hopeless desperation, I shouted, "Get your hands up or I'll kick you right in the face!"

A rugged countenance looked up, and the bank robber replied with nerve-racking calm, "You kick me in the face, kid, and it'll be the last guy you kick in the face!"

He put his hands up through the hole!

Now what? We had nothing to tie up a prisoner with. We delayed further orders to our captive, and he waited patiently. But I had it! Furiously, I tore at my belt, unbuckled it and whipped it out of the trouser loops. Another moment of uncertainty passed. What to do with the flashlight while I tied his hands and tried to keep my trousers from sliding down over my hips! Bob was jumping about, brandishing the enormous .45, trying to prevent me from getting between him and the bandit.

At last rescue came! The sheriff, the deputy, old Tom, and a half dozen others came running and shouting across the rooftops. I was still holding the flashlight and belt in one hand, and my trousers in the other. Quickly, the sheriff took charge. Bob was relieved of his .45, and the flashlight was snatched out of my hands. The robber was lifted from the pit, and the entire entourage, one by one, descended the telephone pole. We marched up the alley, around the block, down Main Street, and directly into the pool hall.

The robber was handcuffed by this time and sitting quietly and confidently in a chair by one of the card tables. Responding to the sheriff's questions, he said that his name was Chester Casey and his home was in Butte. Asked how long he had been working on the bank job, he said it had taken him longer than he had judged and that it "sure as hell" was not worth it. He volunteered that shortly after starting his "work" that night, he detected that it had been discovered. He did not say how.

About that moment, Dad walked into the pool hall and saw me standing near the handcuffed prisoner. He demanded to know "what the devil" was going on, what I was doing there, and what this was all about. Graciously, the sheriff said I had captured a bank robber.

Dad had heard the cannonading of the .45 and was convinced that a gunfight had broken out in the pool hall.

Finally, someone remembered to search the prisoner. A .38 was removed from the top of his boot!

Dad had finished his shift at the depot, so we walked home. Both Bob and I were sternly lectured that night about the distinction between heroism and "plain damned foolishness," and Dad vowed he'd let the sheriff know what he thought about permitting two kids to maintain a lookout for a bank bandit. The whole affair was singularly lacking in heroics. The placid little farm and railroad town paid scant attention. We were denigrated by the universal agreement of the community that Casey the bankrobber either was a bumbling idiot or had graciously spared a couple of brash kids.

Several weeks later, Bob and I were summoned from class by an emissary from Mr. McKay. In a most generous manner, we were told that since we were minors, Mr. McKay, to insure the payment of the $40,000 reward money, would make the application in his own name, and would we sign the document. The same paper, containing a sketchy description of the capture, was submitted to our parents. Finally, a courteous note arrived from Mr. McKay with a fifty dollar check attached! □

Joseph Smith & the Political Kingdom of God

BY KLAUS J. HANSEN

The Presidential Candidacy Might Seem Madness— but what of a Monarchy in Texas?

Political millennialism has been a wellspring of Western civilization for more than three thousand years. The biblical prophet Daniel, in his interpretation of King Nebuchadnezzar's dream, recorded a scripture that was to stir many a dreamer after him: "And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed. and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever" (Dan 2 44). The established Christian churches have given this scripture a symbolic interpretation, seeing it as prophecy of the final victory of a spiritual kingdom of God. But many, too, have pursued that kingdom as a literal, political one, in the tradition of the Anabaptist John of Leyden, who in 1534–35 held sway over Münster with crown and sceptre, attended by a retinue of dukes, an army, and faithful subjects. In every instance, the kingdom was to be in preparation for the literal return of Christ as king of the world, to rule for a thousand years in a millennial kingdom of peace and righteousness.

Of all these movements, which sprang up like mushrooms in early nineteenth-century America, one of the most literal-minded and successful was Mormonism. Founded by Joseph Smith in 1830, the new religion gradually demanded of its converts allegiance to a kingdom of God that was not only spiritual, social, and economic, but political as well. By 1844 Joseph Smith had decided on a complete fusion of religious and political aspirations. He pronounced his divine mission in unmistakable terms to his followers in Nauvoo, Illinois. "I calculate to be one of the instruments of setting up the kingdom of Daniel by the word of the Lord, and intend to lay a foundation that will revolutionize the world."

When the Mormon Prophet made this announcement, attempts to establish this kingdom in Ohio and Missouri had already failed. But Mormon success in Nauvoo "the Beautiful," on a bend of the Mississippi River, seemed to augur well for the final establishment of the kingdom. By 1844, when Chicago was little more than a small town, Nauvoo had become one of the most spectacular cities on the western frontier. A steady stream of converts from Britain and the East had swelled the population to over twelve thousand. Under an extremely liberal charter, the Mormon city had virtually become a state within a state. The Saints had even organized their own private army, the Nauvoo Legion, at the head of which Joseph Smith paraded in a resplendent uniform as lieutenant general (the next one in the history of the United States after George Washington). And so it seemed only logical to the Prophet that his next step should be to organize the nucleus of a political kingdom of God in preparation for the millennium.

He did so in accordance with a revelation given on April 7, 1842, which demanded the organization of "the Kingdom of God and His Laws with the keys and powers thereof and judgment in the hands of his servants." Realizing the social and political implications of such a move, Smith carefully prepared and tested a group of his most loyal followers. On March 11, 1844, he decided the time had come when he could finally entrust the secrets of the kingdom to these men by initiating them into a highly secret organization variously called the General Council, Council of the Kingdom, Council of the Gods, and Living Constitution. The most frequently used name was simply Council of Fifty, an appellation that had its origin in the approximate number of men comprising the body.

According to one member, the council so guarded the confidential nature of its administrative and governmental activities that from time to time it burned official papers. A charter member of the Fifty, John D. Lee, in a rather crude attempt to protect its identity, referred to it in his diary entries by the ingenuous cipher, YTFIF. The first clerk, William Clayton, tried to veil references to the council by using the term "K. of G." Those who revealed the secrets of the organization were subject to the death penalty, although it is difficult to determine whether it was ever carried out. The fear of such consequences, however, is clear in the case of John Pack, who had failed to guard the council's secrets sufficiently, "which should be as safe as though [they were] locked up [in] the silent vaults of eternity." The offender, "pled for forgiveness, said 'try me a little longer. Then, if I don't prove true, deal with me as you think proper, if it is to cut my head off'."

In view of the purposes for which the council had been established, and in view of its subsequent activities, this degree of secrecy was only to be expected. According to John D. Lee, the organization's ambitions were indeed vast: "This council alluded to is the Municipal department of the Kingdom of God set up on the Earth, from which all law eminates, for the rule, government & control of all Nations, Kingdoms & toungs and People under the whole Heavens . . ." Because their religion was infused with a great deal of spread-eagle American nationalism at a time when Manifest Destiny had become the watchword of the nation, the Mormons thought that the United States was perhaps the logical instrument for their divinely inspired political mission. If Joseph Smith could be elected President of the United States, this might provide a stepping-stone for the ultimate goal of world dominion.

Viewed from hindsight, these dreams of Smith and his council seem to border on megalomania. But was it really unreasonable for a man who knew that he was carrying out the will of God to believe that he could be elected President of the United States? George Miller, another charter member of the Council of Fifty and Presiding Bishop of the Church, did not think so. "If we succeeded in making a majority of the voters converts to our faith, and elected Joseph president," he wrote hopefully, "in such an event the dominion of the kingdom would be forever established in the United States."

As a result, the council decided to send all available elders on missions to campaign for Joseph Smith and to preach Mormonism at the same time. "If God goes with them," remarked Dr. Willard Richards, an apostle of the church, "who can withstand their influence?"

That God was with them, the Mormon Prophet never doubted. Neither did his associates in the Council of Fifty. But some, such as John D. Lee, did not share the optimistic faith of Richards and Miller that Joseph's presidential campaign was the best means of establishing the Kingdom of God. In his role as presidential candidate, the Prophet could hardly publicize the fact that in a secret ceremony of the council—revealing the literal-mindedness of the participants and reminiscent of the regal pretensions of a John of Leyden—he had appointed the members "princes of the Kingdom of God, to preside over the chief cities of the Nation." As a climax to these proceedings, George Miller recalled, "in this council we ordained Joseph Smith as King on earth." Although his successful candidacy for the presidency of the United States would then provide Smith with territory and subjects, it is doubtful that the publication of this ceremony would have furthered that aspiration.

Moreover, it appears that Miller may

have been overly impressed with the rhetoric of the occasion. It was, after all, a heady prospect for a group made up largely of artisans and farmers to be told that they were to be the governing princes in the Kingdom of God with authority to rule the nations of the earth. But Smith's own aspirations must have been somewhat less literal. Surely, if he dreamed of becoming President, he could not aspire to be a literal king at the same time, especially when his own **Book of Mormon** had emphatically predicted that no kings were to rule in America. It is quite likely, then, that the ceremony was essentially symbolic, since Smith introduced a great deal of symbolism into Mormonism.

Whatever the symbolic meaning, there can be no doubt that Smith held real political power within Mormondom and that he and his council made every effort to establish a Mormon state as a political entity. Smith's presidential candidacy was only one of several alternatives that the council seriously entertained for the realization of that goal. Most council members were Yankees and shared the old American philosophy that God helps those who help themselves. Perhaps God willed Joseph to become President of the United States, but even God could fashion a miracle only if Joseph was prepared. So the Council of Fifty went on the political stump for the Prophet

But perhaps God had something else in mind. The position of the Saints in Illinois was becoming increasingly precarious. By the spring of 1844 both internal dissension and external pressures bode to those Saints who could see and hear that the persecutions of Missouri might be repeated in Nauvoo. So the Council of Fifty, only three days after Smith had called its first meeting, commissioned the architect Lucien Woodworth to go to Texas to negotiate with Sam Houston and the Texas Congress for the establishment of the Kingdom of God

The lands the Mormons wanted to settle were in the disputed region extending from the Nueces River south to the Rio Grande. Texans were eager to have large groups of settlers move into this largely uninhabited area in order to establish a bulwark against both Mexican and Indian depredations. Sale of public lands, furthermore, was one of the principal sources of revenue for the financially embarrassed republic. The Mormons thus had good reason to believe that they would be welcome in Texas.

Mormon plans, of course, were based on the assumption that Texas would remain independent. In the spring of 1844, this supposition was not unreasonable. The political situation in the United States gave the Mormons hope that annexation would never take place, a hope that was reenforced when the American Secretary of State, Abel P. Upshur, in February, 1844, was killed by a gun explosion on the U.S.S. **Princeton.** To the Mormons, who saw in all disasters and catastrophes the movements of Divine Providence, Upshur's death was a fulfillment of prophecy and an omen favorable to their aspirations. When Brigham Young learned of the disaster, he remarked: "The Lord is cutting off the bitterest branches. Look at the explosion of the big gun on board of the **Princeton** war-steamer

at Washington. God will deliver his faithful Saints."

The Council of Fifty, however, did not feel that it could leave the matter entirely to God. It had sent Orson Hyde as emissary to Washington in order to keep abreast of the latest developments regarding Texas Hyde's letters to Smith reveal that he was well informed. He predicted that as a result of strong opposition by Whigs and anti-slavery Democrats an annexation treaty would be turned down by Congress: "She [the United States] is afraid of England, afraid of Mexico, afraid the Presidential election will be twisted by it." Finally, of course, annexation would not take place if God did not will it: "There are many powerful checks upon our government, preventing her from moving in any of these important matters; and for aught I know these checks are permitted to prevent our government from extending her jurisdiction over the territory which God designs to give to His Saints." The optimism with which church leaders regarded the Texas plans, as well as their magnitude, is revealed in Brigham Young's letter to Reuben Hedlock, encouraging the emigration of British Saints: "You may send a hundred thousand there if you can, in eighteen months."

Under these seemingly auspicious circumstances the Council of Fifty sent its emissary to Texas.

Records of the negotiations between the council and the Texas government reveal that the overoptimistic Mormon leaders acted as if the Kingdom of God were already a political state, or at least a quasi-independent government. George Miller insisted that Lucien Woodworth was sent as "minister to the then Republic of Texas to make a treaty with the cabinet of Texas for all that country north of a west line from the falls of the Colorado River to the Nueces, thence down the same to the Gulf of Mexico, and along the same to the Rio Grande, and up the same to the United States Territory." The Republic of Texas was to recognize the Mormon Kingdom of God as an independent nation. In return, the Saints were to help the Texans "defend themselves against Mexico, standing as a go-between [sic] the belligerent powers." Miller's language is in keeping with that of an address made by George Q. Cannon to a group of Mormon missionaries, in which Cannon said the Kingdom of God was "to become a political power, known and recognized by the powers of the earth; and you, my brethren, may have to be sent forth to represent that power as its accredited agents . . . at the courts of foreign nations."

It seems doubtful, however, that the Texas government formally "received" Woodworth, thereby recognizing the diplomatic pretensions of the "minister Recognition of the esoteric Mormon government would have placed the Texans in a most embarrassing position vis-a-vis the United States. According to Miller, however, Woodworth returned from Texas with the preliminary draft of a "treaty," although it is unlikely that the Texans saw the negotiations in that light

Woodworth returned to Illinois on May 2, 1844. On the following day, the Council of Fifty convened and received the report

of its emissary. Miller reported that "it was altogether as we could wish it. On the part of the church there were commissioners appointed to meet the Texan Congress to sanction or ratify the said treaty, partly entered into by our minister and the Texan cabinet. A. W. Brown, Lucien Woodworth and myself were the commissioners appointed to meet the Texan Congress."

The council, however, did not stake its entire plans on Texas, but also explored other potential habitats for the Kingdom of God. In Washington, Orson Hyde had instructions to negotiate with the federal government to secure its aid in settling the Saints in some unoccupied region of the trans-Mississippi West. It was in connection with this mission that the council, on March 21, 1844, appointed Dr. Willard Richards to draw up a memorandum to Congress requesting the federal government to give Joseph Smith authority to raise an army of one hundred thousand men. Hyde reported that the Saints could expect little federal support for their plan, and advised Smith and his associates that "if the Saints [are to] possess the kingdom I think they will have to take it; and the sooner it is done, the more easily it is accomplished." To the Mormon Prophet, this was gratuitous advice. The problem was not that the Saints had to "take the kingdom," but how this could be accomplished

Opposition to their no-longer-secret activities in behalf of the political Kingdom of God had begun to mount. When Smith organized the Council of Fifty in Nauvoo under strictest secrecy, he must have been too optimistic a judge of human nature in expecting all of the members to have sealed lips at a time when even close associates were becoming enemies overnight. It was thus only to be expected that rumors of the council and its doings would circulate in Nauvoo and soon spread among friend and foe alike. These rumors and half-truths gave to the political Kingdom of God, in the eyes of "Gentiles" and apostates, an aspect of the sinister and the subversive. Rumors circulated that the Mormons were planning to overthrow the government and seize the country when they grew strong enough—rumors that seemed to confirm John C. Bennett's revelations that Smith planned to establish a Mormon empire in the Middle West. Governor Thomas Ford, who claimed that he had spies among both the Mormons and their enemies, revealed in his **History of Illinois** that he had learned some of the important secrets connected with the political Kingdom of God, albeit in distorted form.

It seems, from the best information that could be got from the best men who had seceded from the Mormon Church, that Joe Smith about this time conceived the idea of making himself a temporal prince as well as spiritual leader of his people. He instituted a new and select order of the priesthood, the members of which were to be priests and kings temporally and spiritually. These were to be his nobility, who were to be the upholders of his throne. He caused himself to be crowned and anointed king and priest, far

above the rest; and he prescribed the form of an oath of allegiance to himself, which he administered to his principal followers. To uphold his pretensions to royalty, he deduced his descent by an unbroken chain from Joseph the son of Jacob, and that of his wife from some other renowned personage of Old Testament history. The Mormons openly denounced the government of the United States as utterly corrupt, and as being about to pass away, and to be replaced by the government of God, to be administered by his servant Joseph

Even more detailed is the account by George Davis, who claims for his source of information none other than defected members of the Council of Fifty.

> That the authority with which God had clothed him [Smith], being "Jure Divino," extended over all mankind, and was paramount and superior to any human authority. Joe further stated, that God had revealed to him, that the Indians and Latter Day-Saints, under Joe as their King and Ruler, were to conquer the Gentiles, and that their subjection to this authority was to be obtained by the sword! From this revelation, he enforced upon them that it was necessary he should be crowned King, and they, believing in the gross imposition, yielded to his edict. Joe was accordingly crowned KING under God, over the immediate house of Israel. This ceremony was performed in 1842, by a council of fifty in number denominated the "ANCIENT OF DAYS." . . . He further impressed upon the council crowning him, that God's desire was, as revealed to him (Joe), that, for the time being, this was to remain a perfect secret until God should reveal to the contrary. And accordingly Joe swore them all to present secrecy, under the penalty of death[1]

If such accounts only implied that Smith had engaged in treasonable activities, some of his enemies came right out and said so. In an unpublished reply to Smith's famous appeal to the Green Mountain Boys, sent to Thomas C. Sharp, anti-Mormon editor of the **Warsaw Signal,** the writers accused Smith: "That you and your clan did consider yourselves a separate nation as much so as any foreign nation . . . you and your followers cast off all allegiance to the General or states government and assumed a new one for yourselves, and that act, we consider no less than high treason [2]

The most direct accusations, however, were made by Wilson Law, one of Joseph Smith's closest associates before his excommunication in 1844. In an attempt to obtain a warrant against Smith for treason, Law charged that the Prophet, while preaching on the text of Dan. 2:44, declared "that the kingdom referred to was already set up, and that he was king over it."

Almost identical charges were levelled against Smith in the Nauvoo **Expositor.** Although the affair has been described many

The death of Joseph Smith, June 27, 1844.

times, none of these accounts takes into consideration the existence of the Council of Fifty in Nauvoo in 1844, yet an examination of its role in the controversy provides a new dimension for understanding the causes of the death of the Smith brothers.

The **Expositor** was a newspaper started by a group of disgruntled Mormons under the joint leadership of Dr. Robert D. Foster, who put up most of the money for the press, and William Law, second counselor to Joseph Smith for over two years. Law claimed to be firmly convinced of the validity of Mormon doctrine. By April, 1844, he was equally certain that Joseph Smith was a fallen prophet. According to Law, the rift with Smith had its origins in the Prophet's authoritarian insistence upon managing all temporal affairs of the Saints, including those of William Law. The second counselor, however, claimed that he avoided an open break with Smith until he learned of the doctrine of polygamy. Dr. Foster, likewise, insisted that he broke with the Prophet over this same doctrine. Smith had set April 20 as the date for Foster's church trial. Foster, however, intended to use the trial as a platform to condemn the Prophet. To prevent such a possibility, a secret council excommunicated Foster along with William, Wilson, and Jane Law "for unchristianlike conduct." It is of considerable interest that of the thirty-two persons present at this meeting twenty-two can be identified as members of the Council of Fifty.

Why should the Council of Fifty take such a special interest in a church trial? That its concern was warranted is indicated by the aims of Law and Foster. Law was more dangerous to church unity than apostates like John C. Bennett, because Law still professed to believe in Mormonism. In fact, he claimed reform of the church of Joseph Smith to be his major motivation. He started his newspaper in order to "expose" the alleged malpractices of Smith and his followers. Francis Higbee, one of Law's disciples, wrote a letter to the editor of the **Warsaw Signal** outlining the aims of the forthcoming edition of the **Expositor.** The paper was to be an exposé of Smith's "Mormon **Seraglio** a[nd] **Nauvoo Harem;** and his unparalleled and unheard of attempts at Seduction." Most writers have emphasized this aspect of the affair. Higbee, however, noted that the edition was to be "fraught with Joe's peculiar and particular mode of Legislation — and a dissertation upon his delectable plan of government." Was Higbee referring to the Council of Fifty and its ambition to set up a political Kingdom of God? Had the apostates learned important secrets concerning that organization? It seems that they had.

A number of reasons support this assumption. In a prospectus, the publishers proclaimed it their "sacred duty . . . to advocate unmitigated DISOBEDIENCE TO POLITICAL REVELATIONS, and to censure and decry gross moral imperfections wherever found, either in the plebeian, patrician or SELF-CONSTITUTED MONARCH." When the first and only issue of the **Expositor** appeared on June 7, 1844, it contained the significant passage: "We will not acknowledge any man as king or lawgiver to the church." The objection to Smith as lawgiver suggests that apostates Law, Foster, and their associates must have had at least a rudimentary knowledge of "the Kingdom of God and His Laws"; their objection to Smith as lawgiver in an ecclesiastical sense would not have been logical as long as they professed to accept the revelations providing the foundation for the church.

The publication of the **Expositor** put Smith in a dilemma. Exposure of the secrets of polygamy and the political Kingdom of God might well rend the church asunder and leave it a prey to the Gentiles. If he closed the paper, he faced charges of flouting the freedom of the press. If he attempted an injunction on grounds of libel, he risked the broadcast publicity of the defense—whether successful or not.

As the Mormon Prophet could not afford to tolerate an apostate newspaper dedicated to sensational exposés, he had to silence the press by force. He convinced his city council, in a trial without lawyers, witnesses, or jury, that the paper should be declared a public nuisance, its press smashed, and the remaining copies of its first and only issue burned. There can be

(*Continued on page 63*)

ON THE FLOOD TIDE TO FORTUNE

"WATCH TACOMA GROW! WATCH TACOMA GROW!" roared the Boosters. The battle cry was printed on stickers and pasted by baggage-smashers on all outgoing trains. It was put up, like the Blue Eagle of the N.R.A., in all shop windows. Seattle and Portland were littered with dodgers carrying the slogan.

Observations by THOMAS EMERSON RIPLEY
with photographs from the Washington State Historical Society

Editor's Note: *Tom Ripley washed up on the shores of Commencement Bay on the crest of the boom that made Puget Sound lumber almost as common as Newcastle coal in the seaports of the world—his worldly outfit consisting of the support of his father's bank in Rutland, Vermont, "a little learning" by way of Andover and Yale, and the unshakable optimism of the greenhorn on a new frontier. The tide of fortune perhaps was already turning in 1890, when young Ripley bought into the Wheeler Osgood Company (sash and doors and all manner of exotic millwork), and if Go-Ahead Tacoma didn't know it then, it found out fast enough when the tide went out, and the Panic of '93 laid bare the wretched underpinnings of a speculative structure as fancy—and fanciful—as the shingled showplaces of Tacoma's own Nob Hill.*

Tom Ripley survived the bust, eventually to become president of the successful Wheeler Osgood Company. But when he sat down to write his memoirs of Tacoma, it was the story of these few heady years of optimism and dismay that came from his pen. Green Timber *he called his manuscript, and it will be published in book form by* The American West *and the Washington State Historical Society in October of this year.*

. . . the **Ledger** spread itself with jubilant editorials:

"The remarkable figures in today's issue powerfully indicate the future of Tacoma. Not in the spirit of vain panegyric has it been styled the City of Destiny. Its rise to Metropolitan greatness and world-wide fame within a few brief years has been one of the romances of the nineteenth century."

Move grandly on, thou car of fate.
Deep freighted with a rich estate
Tacoma's dealers need not fear.
The land is here—it is all here.

I stood at the bow as the "Queen" churned her way past Vashon Island . . . I saw the smoking waste pile of the Old Tacoma Mill through a forest of windjammer spars, smelt the bitter black smoke of the St. Paul and Tacoma mill stacks, and the weather being kind, I glimpsed "Majestic Mount Tacoma" between curtains of cloud.

It was a wooden city that I looked out upon the next morning. The forest that gave it birth pressed in upon all sides—but there was no blade of grass within.

I thought of Rube Ranger's toy sawmill, up the mountainside from Rutland: Rube, swearing Vermont oaths, manhandling his little logs with his peavey; Rube cutting the baby things into baby sticks; Rube piling the picayune rungs for Vermont chair factories; Rube calculating Vermont profits . . . And suddenly, like a fade-out on a movie screen, Rube and his play mill were lost to memory, blocked out by this voracious Gargantua, swallowing the growth of centuries at a gulp and spewing out the digested product

It was like a West Coast psalm, sung at matins and evensong. It went like this:

"We got th' only big chunk o' standin' timber left in th' world. White pine all cut off back there in Wisconsin an' them states. Now they gotta come to us an' we got th' stuff to give 'em."

Then Ike got lyrical: "An' there's China with her teemin' millions. An' there's them Japs, livin' in paper houses, they tell me."

True to their promise to make Tacoma "journey's end" for all travelers, the Northern Pacific people had selected a lovely headland overlooking the bay as the site of the long promised tourist hotel. Above the greenery of Old Woman's Gulch, the stupendous new hotel was to make the Frontenac in Quebec and the Canadian Pacific Hotel in Banff blush for their modest proportions. Here was a job for a mill man to go after!

We poured over the blueprints with popping eyes and swelling hearts. Here was no five-thousand-dollar, piffling residence, but a veritable chateau of the Loire. We counted thousands of doors and windows, each with its pattern of French "croisee." We measured baseboard and casing by the mile, and what pleased me most and made Otto fairly lick his chops, we foresaw a jungle of carving in rare and exotic woods. It was a riot of millwork.

Confidence in the future found expression in architecture—the more confidence, the more fancy shingles, jig-sawed brackets, and band-sawed cresting.

. . . And the word of ambition was spindles.

Statistics:

FACTS AND FIGURES THAT GIVE THE LIE TO THE CROAKERS!

CITY OF DESTINY FLOURISHING IN SPITE OF HARD TIMES!

MANUFACTURES AND INDUSTRIES GROWING AND THRIVING!

The President made a tour of the West and stopped in Tacoma. We persuaded ourselves that he had made the long trip expressly to see us, we were convinced that his visit portended grand things for Tacoma, and so, with a lively sense of benefits to come, we prepared to express our loyal gratitude in advance. Flags and bunting came out of storage, and triumphal arches were knocked together across the streets. Prancing horses were hitched to the most stylish carriages in town, and the President was driven through the less unpresentable streets that he might see and admire Great Babylon which we had builded. . . .

The school children had a holiday, and were lined up along the streets to be reviewed by the President. "What are those children doing out here in the rain?" asked the President. "Tell them to go home and be dried."

With water running down our coat collars, we cheered ourselves hoarse, but the President promised us no new railroads, no river and harbor improvements—nothing. A wag went home and wrote for next morning's edition of the **Ledger:**

Tacoma's rain was falling fast,
As up Pacific Avenue passed
A hatband; underneath, a man
Who muttered, as he only can,
"Drive faster!"

At lunch time, the ex-millionaires gathered at Knabel's to talk it over. . . . About the round table, the community of the busted swapped stories of losses and made plans for recuperation.

Billy Burnell sat in on the Strategy Board. He had his remedy: "Too many people in this town, walking around to save funeral expenses. What this man's town needs is about a thousand good funerals."

"Death rate's pretty high already," said Stuart Rice, "what with suicides and all. No, what this town needs is a thousand young men coming in, each with ten thousand dollars—and **no** experience!"

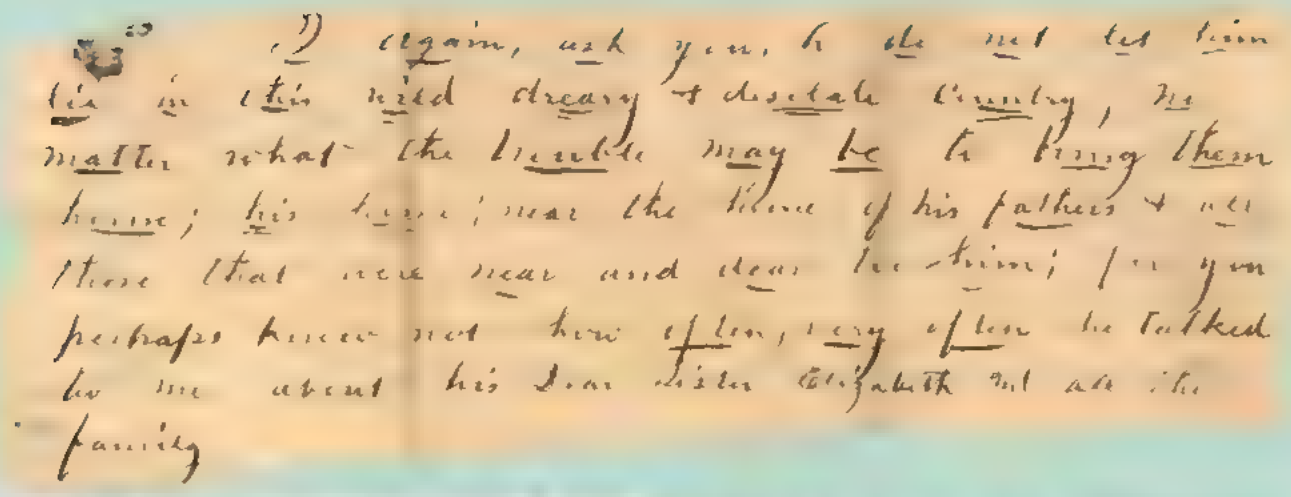
Henry Hewitt looked about the table. "Most of you fellows came here with ten thousand dollars and no experience. Well, now you've got the experience."

George Hazard, his mind intent on the instant need of things, edged in on his crutches. "Charlie," he said, "I've left my glasses up at Kachleins to be fixed. I can't see anything without my glasses, Charlie, and Kachlein wants three dollars for fixing them. Could you . . . ?"

"Hell no," said Charlie Reeves. "There isn't anything in this town worth three dollars to see."

Letter from a Frontier Fort

PRESENTED BY IVAN E. PRALL



I again, ask you, to do not let him
lie in this wild dreary + desolate Country, no
matter what the trouble may be to bring them
home; his home; near the home of his father + all
those that were near and dear to him; for you
perhaps have not how often, very often he talked
to me about his dear sister Elizabeth + all the
family

Elizabeth Prall, sister of the deceased.

Elias Huston Prall, K. I. A. 16 March, 1869.

Elias Huston Prall, who had already served in the Union Army during the Civil War, was twenty-one years old when he was killed in a skirmish with Sioux Indians near Fort Randall, Dakota Territory. The news of his death was conveyed to his sister in Indiana by two letters —one from Sergeant Morgan S Wright, a close friend, and the other from Prall's captain, who tried to clothe his regret in the standard military officialese representative of an army officer's need to ritualize death as a fact of life

Sergeant Wright's letter, presented at the right, begins in correct form, rationalizing that any soldier stationed in the troublous Indian country had to expect death—his own and that of others—as a matter of course, and had to know what to do and say when it came. Yet even as he wrote, the enormity of his friend's death seemed to seize hold of his mind and drive him to the edge of despair. The handwriting in the original letter, at first formal and controlled, steadily declined to an almost hysterical script, as seen in the portion reproduced on the facing page. It is a reminder that all the military form and "correctness" in the world has never been enough to soften the brutal finality of a bullet through the head of a friend, and would seem to indicate that even men professionally accustomed to violent death can be shaken to their souls by the mechanics of war. **T. H. W.**

Ivan E. Prall, who possesses the original letter and tintypes reproduced on these pages, passes along the aftermath of young Prall's death: "What the letter does not tell are the final details. Elias' father, Thomas Prall, ruled that since one son, David, lay buried in Georgia [killed during the siege of Atlanta], it would be unfair now to send for the body of Elias. Today, he lies in the military cemetary of the Little Big Horn, where soldier corpses from all the frontier forts have been gathered for their final resting place."

Fort Randall Dakota Territory
March the 17th, 1869

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Prall

It becomes my sad and very painful duty to inform you that your brother (a member of my Company) was yesterday (the 16th of March) killed by a band of hostile Indians while engaged in hauling wood for the Post; he was the Wagoner of my Company; and was shot about a mile from the Post; he was killed almost instantly having been shot with a pistol ball through the head; the Major & myself came too the conclusion that you would send for his remains & have them Interred near the home of his Childhood; & we have had him dressed in his best "*Uniform*" & he will be buried tomorrow.

As he and I were very close friends ever since he came to the Company; *so much so that I* could not feel any worse than I do, if it had been my *own brother*, (whom I have not seen for many years or but once during my twelve years Service in the Army) and scarcely a day has passed during those two years of Brotherly friendship that I have not told him time after time too always be on his guard; for I know full well the *"treacherous Red Skins"* must be watched always, for you know not when they mean mischief, but he was too self-confident & innocent of anything too once think that those Indians that he met with day after day would ever hurt him ("God have mercy on his soul,") pray for him, Oh! I beseech you, pray for him on the receipt of this. Have his father & mother *all, all, pray earnestly & long* for *our departed Brother*; All yesterday evening & last night I Sent up my prayer to the God of Mercy; for my *Dear very best & Dear Comrade*; I *hope, & believe*; my prayers have been *answered*,

He has often talked too me about you all very often Indeed; I know he loved you all very much, it was but sunday last when he came too me in my room and talked about home, and that he had but Eleven months more too stay; & he would then go home & never more leave his *Father, Mother, Brother & Sisters again; (Poor Boy*, God of *heaven & earth* have *mercy upon his soul)* little did I think that it would be my *duty, painful duty*; to inform his kindred of his fearful death, away, *so far away* from home & Friends.

He has often expressed, & I know it too be his wish if he should fall in battle or in the Service of his Country; that *his kindred* would come and remove his remains to *his dear "Childhood's home"* & I that loved him as a brother beseech and entreat you too so impress it upon your Father & Mother, & Friends too comply with this request; do not, Oh! I pray you do not let him lie in this *wild & desolate country*; his comrades all are shrouded in gloom over his untimely death; they all expect your father too come after his body.

I have packed up everything that belonged too him; ready when you come to take with you as I know you all will keep them as a mementoe of your *Dear Brother*, & our much *lamented Comrade*, the members of his Company will give you all their *aid* and *assistance* in their *power* too give; toward the removal of his remains.

Oh! I again beseech you, *one* and *all* too pray for his soul: snatched away without a warning in the *full bloom* of *early manhood*; I cannot now scarcely realize, that *he is gone*, it seemed *almost impossible*; that he was dead; until he was brought in a *corpse*; I had seen him not 1½ hours before; just after dinner & he was *so full of life, and vigor*, that it *crushed* my *heart* at once to hear that he was killed

Everything that he had I have taken every care to pack them in a box all together & will guard them well till we see some of his family come for him.

I again, ask you, to *do not let him* lie *in this* wild dreary & desolate Country, *no matter* what the *trouble may be* to *bring them home;* his home, near the home of his *fathers* and *alls* those that were *near* and *dear* too *him*; for you perhaps know not how *often, very often* he talked too me about his Dear Sister Elizabeth and all the family

It has been very trying too me too pen these lines I am wholly overcome with grief for our *Dear Dear Brother*

I am, With the most heartfelt
Sympathy Your sincere Friend
Morgan S. Wright
1st Serg't "F" Company
22nd Infantry

A PAINTER IN MENDOCINO

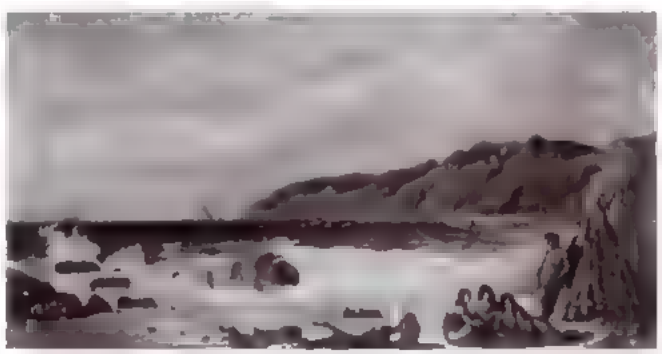
Some Early Views of California's Redwood Coast

BY FRED B. ROGERS

No sizable tract of land was ever so meticulously explored so fast as the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas in the months and years immediately following the discovery of gold in 1848. Nevertheless, while tens of thousands of prospectors sifted the earth of every gully in fifty million acres, stretching in a great crescent from the Kern River through the Trinity Alps, still large areas of California remained virtually unvisited during the peak years of the gold rush. As late as 1858, an excursion to the Mendocino Coast was novel enough to be featured as a "curiosity" in *Hutchings' California Magazine*, then the leading illustrated journal published in San Francisco, and it would appear that the manuscript map of 1857 (reproduced on the following pages) was the first to show the country near the coast from Noyo to Cape Mendocino, marking important natural features and the locations of the Pomo Indian camps.

This map and the excursion of the "Mendocino Hunting Party" were embellished by the efforts of the pioneer artist of the region, Alexander Edouart. The son of a celebrated English silhouettist, Edouart had come to New York during the California gold rush, sailed to El Dorado in 1852, tried his hand at placer mining, and by 1857 set up shop as an artist in San Francisco. In that year he was invited to join a group on a recreational excursion to Mendocino, and expedition made annually

Seal Hunting



Cape Mendocino

THE MENDOCINO HUNTING PARTY of 1857.

since the first trip into the northern wilderness had been made by three of the party in 1852. The chronicler of the 1857 outing, Edward Vischer, wrote as follows:

> . . . the present company amounted to fifteen persons, but mostly comprising employees of the federal government and members of the bar. Three or four of the party, either from changes incident to life in America, or by their own roving dispositions, were enthusiastic amateurs of the noble art of woodcraft; and some had passed a great portion of their lives in the solitudes of the Rocky Mountains.
>
> In point of practical aptitude and complete provision for improvement and enjoyment both mental and bodily, the party could not easily be surpassed. Mons. Edouart, the artist, had with him his sketch-book, several amateurs brought with them their musical instruments, which, as an orchestra to the merry choruses, tended not a little to increase the conviviality of the party.
>
> All being animated by the resolve to forget for a while the cares of existence, everything was left to the star of good luck; trusting to the good understanding between the members and that festive humor which is sure to develop itself in the happy freedom of the mountains.

Not quite all was left to the lucky star, for the party was guided by James Tobin, who had earlier in the same year made a reconnaissance trip that resulted in the accompanying map. The map was made for Thomas J. Henley, Superintendent of Indian Affairs in California,

Mendocino Reservation (looking north)

Mendocino Reservation (looking east)

HUMBOLDT COUNTY
MENDOCINO COUNTY
Reconnaissance
of the Coast Country in parts of Mendocino and Humboldt counties made in 1856 by Chas. L. Wesley Superintendent of Indian Affairs California
by Chas. Nelson.

Drawn in 1857, this map is one of the earliest to show features behind the shoreline of the Redwood Coast. Pomo Indian villages are shown in red; it is not clear just what the yellow indicates—perhaps land actually cultivated at times by the Indians, as opposed to arable land used for farming. Other notations, such as "Rich Clover Ground" and "Acorn and Chestnut Ground" illustrate the nature of the survey, which was to give the Indian agent a study of the "resources" of his domain. Pudding River, near the south end of the map, flows into the sea at the present town of Fort Bragg.

in connection with the establishment of the new Indian reservation at the Noyo River. At this time, the only important white habitation was a small settlement and a redwood sawmill at Big River (Mendocino City); a few months later about twenty soldiers of the Third Artillery landed to establish Fort Bragg.

Tobin led the convivial party up the Ukiah Valley (more or less along the present route of Highway 101) into Little Lake Valley, then west to Sherwood Valley, Bald Mountain, and Ten Mile River (just north of the present town of Fort Bragg), where Superintendent Henley met the group and conducted it to its goal, the Mendocino Reservation. Vischer described the reservation and the reservation system in some detail; we quote only one of his comments:

> The number of Indians on the Reservation is about 4,000, but, at the time of our visit, it was considerably reduced. It was their harvest season, and most of the able-bodied men had received leave of absence to collect seed and to gather their crops, while others had gone on fishing expeditions. In this manner, by allowing them, occasionally, to return to their old mode of life, they feel less sensibly the subordination and restraint under which they necessarily live on the Reservation, and they also, without perceiving it, contribute to lessen the burden of the administration.

Alexander Edouart

A number of the sketches that Edouart made along the way, including "The Mendocino Hunting Party," appeared as woodcuts with Vischer's narrative in *Hutchings'*, and at least some of these he later worked into finished oil paintings. While the main party went no further than Mendocino, apparently Edouart continued up the Humboldt Coast to Cape Mendocino, a point incorrectly thought by Tobin to be the westernmost land of the United States. Or it may be that Edouart went on to Cape Mendocino the following year, 1858. At that time he is known to have visited the little outpost of Fort Bragg and to have executed two paintings of the "fort" for Lieutenant Gibson. One of the pair Gibson sent to Braxton Bragg, who had been his company commander during the Mexican War.

During either the 1857 or the 1858 visit, Edouart must have pleased his Mendocino Reservation hosts by decorating Tobin's map with the little wash drawings of Cape Mendocino, Shelter Cove, the mouth of the Noyo River, the fishing station at Noyo, and the reservation headquarters. As can be seen on the previous pages, the finished canvases of Cape Mendocino and the reservation headquarters are almost identical to the map vignettes but for the addition of figures.

Though some of Edouart's other California paintings, notably his well-known "Blessing of the Enrequita Mine," have served as the basis for his reputation as a regional artist, it is perhaps his scarcely-known early Mendocino work that is of greatest interest to the historian. In any event, the barristers and bureaucrats of "The Mendocino Hunting Party" did not choose unwisely when they invited an artist to join their expedition to that latest curiosity of the far western frontier — the Indian reservation. □

Fred B. Rogers, *an indefatigable researcher in the annals of California history, is the author of* William Brown Ide: Bear Flagger *(1962),* A Kemble Reader: Stories of California, 1846–1848 *(1963) and wrote the introduction to Howell-North's monumental facsimile reproduction of* The California Star: Yerba Buena and San Francisco, 1847–1848 *(1965).*

THE JOLLY FLATBOATMEN

BY E. MAURICE BLOCH

COLLECTION OF JOHN S. KEBABIAN, SCARSDALE, N.Y.

George Caleb Bingham, the "Missouri Artist," was born on a plantation in Augusta, Georgia, in 1811 and as a small boy moved with his family to Howard County, Missouri, where he remained to become one of the region's leading citizens and an artist whose depiction of western scenes on the Missouri frontier has placed him among the best-known and most flavorful illustrators of the West.

Apprenticed to a cabinetmaker in his early youth, Bingham fell under the spell of some unknown itinerant portrait-painter, and was inspired to enter the trade himself before the age of twenty. By reading instruction manuals, observing the work of an occasional passing artist, and experimenting on his own, he managed to establish himself by the end of the 1830's as a skilled craftsman in the art of portrait-painting—a profession which would remain a "bread and butter" occupation until the end of his career. By 1838, however, he had broadened his talents to include illustration of the life around him—the fishermen and boatmen of the rivers, the tradesmen, spectators, and politicians of the scattered frontier towns—and it is on these detailed and lively renditions of western life that his reputation rests today.

In the following article, adapted from his recent book, George Caleb Bingham: The Evolution of an Artist *(University of California Press), E. Maurice Bloch outlines the technique and mood of "The Jolly Flatboatmen," one of Bingham's more popular western themes—he rendered it in at least four paintings, one since lost. This work is representative both of his stature as a painter of western life and of his careful reliance upon the "classical" strictures of the instruction books, which were the mainstay of his training as an artist.*

"The Jolly Flatboatmen in Port" (1857).

Without doubt the support afforded Bingham by the Art-Union through its purchase of his paintings for the 1845 distribution, and particularly by its selection of his western subjects, must have persuaded him to devote less of his time to portraits and more to genre subjects. One of those subjects was for a composition depicting the flatboatmen of the Mississippi, an idea that must have occurred to him early in his thinking as a painter of the western scene. His "Western Boatmen Ashore," exhibited in 1838, could well have depicted flatboatmen types, but there is no more direct evidence of that, nor of the contention that Bingham painted the "Jolly Flatboatmen" motif before 1846.

As with the "Fur Traders," the subject of the flatboats was one that struck a romantic note among the writers who traveled west and had observed in particular the appearance of "that singular race of men who were their navigators." The flatboats and the men who operated them were, like the fur traders, fast disappearing in the wake of steamboat traffic, but accurate descriptions of the boats were given by observers such as Audubon, Flagg, Flint, and Hall, who described their crews in vivid and picturesque terms. After first recalling the many dangers that were the boatman's lot, Timothy Flint went on to describe the typical appearance of a flaboat and its crew:

> All the toil, and danger, and exposure, and moving incidents of this long and perilous voyage, are hidden, however, from the inhabitants, who contemplate the boats floating by their dwellings on beautiful spring mornings, when the verdant forest, the mild and delicious temperature of the air, the delightful azure of the sky of this country, the fine bottom on the one hand, and the romantic bluff on the other, the broad and smooth stream rolling calmly down the forest, and floating the boat gently forward, present delightful images and associations to the beholders. At this time there is no visible danger, or call for labor The boat takes care of itself, and little do the beholders imagine, how different a scene may be presented in half an hour Meantime one of the hands scrapes a violin, and the others dance .

The writer concludes his remarks on the note that "These scenes and those notes .. have a charm for the imagination, which although heard a thousand times, repeated at all hours and in all positions, present the image of a tempting and charming youthful existence, that naturally inspires a wish to be a boatman."

This colorful picture of the flatboatman in his happiest aspects was repeated in a similar vein by other authors. And, as with the "Fur Traders," it could have served Bingham as inspiration for his painting, so closely does his own portrayal of the flatboatman fit the details of the description Indeed, an exact quotation from the Flint description, republished in 1847 in connec-

COURTESY OF SENATOR CLAIBORNE PELL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

"The Jolly Flatboatmen" (#1, 1846).

Between his first and third renditions of the "Jolly Flatboatmen" theme (left and far left), Bingham showed considerable progress in his use of line and composition —while still adhering to the "pyramid-cone" compositional form advised by the instruction books. The Hellenistic "Dancing Satyr" (below) very likely served as his model for the dancing figure in his second version of "The Jolly Flatboatmen" (page 45).

tion with an article on John Banvard's panorama of the Mississippi, was actually illustrated by a woodcut after Bingham's "Jolly Flatboatmen."

It was a decidedly opportune choice of subject-matter by the artist, from several viewpoints. The picture was well received by the Art-Union, which purchased it (for $290, including the frame!) for the 1847 distribution, placing it first in their **Transactions** for the year and also selecting it, along with a work by the distinguished Daniel Huntington, to be engraved for their membership. It was through this picture, too, that the painter earned his reputation as "The Missouri Artist."

The original painting, awarded by the Art-Union on December 24, 1847, to Benjamin van Schaick, a New York grocer, was known to students for many years only through the large engraving by Thomas Doney. It was located again within recent times in the collection of Senator Claiborne Pell in Washington, D.C. Its remarkably good state of preservation enables us to judge the painting along with the contemporary critic.

The composition, obviously constructed in terms of a monumental pyramid, is formed of six figures in the immediate foreground and two others filling out the distance. The flatboat faces the spectator squarely, its bottom parallel to the picture plane. The two long oars resting atop the arched roof of the boat are also placed parallel, extending beyond the limits of the picture, left and right. Serving as a base for the pyramid, the angles are held below by two figures seated on the oars. The upper step in the geometric pattern so meticulously planned by the artist is formed by two music-making figures on a crate, one placed slightly higher than the other, obviously to avoid a static effect. The apex of the pyramid is held by a flatboatman dancing on top of the crate facing the spectator. To further break an appearance of rigid regularity the dancer is placed slightly off center, to the left, the artist filling the void with the two figures partially seen in the background. A reclining,

LOUVRE PARIS

Gericault's "The Raft of the Medusa" (1819).

The dancer waving his handkerchief in "The Jolly Flatboatmen #2" (right) may have been inspired by the shirt-waving figure in Gericault's "The Raft of the Medusa" (left). Like the "Dancing Satyr" (previous page), an engraving of Gericault's painting probably graced the walls of many cultured Missouri homes in the mid-nineteenth century. "Boatmen on the Missouri" (below right) was executed shortly before the first of Bingham's "Flatboatmen" paintings, and in its composition suggests the "pyramid" utilized so successfully in later paintings.

strongly foreshortened figure fills out the center of the pyramid below. Indeed, the deliberate architectonic enforcement of the composition is visible in almost every line

Following the instruction book's advice that "groups of figures without some appearance of geometric form apparent to the eye, would produce a confused effect upon the spectator," Bingham adapted the classic formula for a pyramidal composition, applying it to suit his own needs. One critic, however, took him to task for his strict adherence to the form in this instance: "In composition, Mr. B. should be aware that the regularity of the pyramid is only suitable to scenes of the utmost beauty and repose, that when motion and action are to be represented, where expression and picturesqueness are objects sought for, proportionate departures must be made from this formal symmetry. A little study of the compositions of the great men of old, would do much towards correcting the artist's faults in this respect." But Bingham was not aware of any restriction on an artist's use of the form

In the "Fur Traders" and in "Boatmen on the Missouri" Bingham had attempted to fix the spectator's attention to his figures by adopting the simple pyramid and by having his chief actors look out directly toward the observer. With the larger and more complex structure of "The Jolly Flatboatmen" he apparently uses, for the first time, a mode or presentation that adheres to a plan deriving ultimately from Italian Renaissance masters and brought home to Bingham probably via the instruction book and the engraved reproduction.

By analyzing the means Raphael used in attaining the greatest concentration within a figure composition, John Burnet, in one of his treatises for artists, apparently quotes from the master's own notes on the subject, and appends his personal explanation of the basic idea (added below in brackets):

> It is to be observed, that the first thing to be considered . . . is where the point **(id est,** the spectator or spectator's eye) is to be placed, whether in the middle of the work or on one side, and as to determine its situation that the important figures be distinctly visible. . It is my opinion, confirmed by the practice of the most skilful **[sic]** men . . . those figures which are nearest to the point should present their backs, those further removed their sides, and so on in perspective, as if a circle were drawn and figures ranged round it. . .
>
> [In illustration of the above, supposing an action to be represented in a circle, which would be quite natural if the object of attention were in the centre, the spectator might view it so as to be himself without the circle, or be supposed within it. In the latter case, the nearest figures would have their sides towards him, in the former their backs. Thus, when the spectator sees a semicircle, he completes the circle by his forming a part. This arrangement was adopted by the early Italian painters in their sacred subjects, and from its fitness was never abandoned by Raffaello. . . .]

In a manner closely following the words of the master, Bingham concentrates attention on the central figure of the dancing boatman, arranging all the subordinate figures in a way that affords the strongest effect. The eye of the observer, viewing the scene from a place outside the composition, is led from the central foreground figure with his back turned, to those seen from the sides in varying aspects, to the dancing flatboatman shown **en face,** thus forming a circle in perspective with the figures arranged within it. The base of our old pyramid has now become circular, and the combination of the two forms assumes a cone

Although the pyramid-cone form, which

"The Jolly Flatboatmen" (#2, ca. 1848).

"Boatmen on the Missouri" (1846).

Bingham seems to have first adopted here, was not specifically described by such treatises on composition as that of Burnet, the combination of angular and circular compositional devices was one that was at least encouraged by suggestion. Burnet pointed out that in nature, "all her varieties emanate from a straight line and a curve," and further amplified his remarks to the artist by advising that "by making the principal heads depend on one mode of arrangement, the general appearance of the group on a different mode, the background on a third, and so on with minor points (provided they all tend to the assistance of one another), his composition will not only have intricacy without confusion, but that variety which is so characteristic of nature."

It might be well to observe at this point that Bingham, in the obviously sincere and painstaking approach to what he had come to consider proper form was, in fact, only following a procedure that had already been laid down by the classicists more than a century earlier. They had attempted to synthesize the heritage of the past, much as the Carracci and their school had done before them, as a means of achieving "correctness" of form and harmony of composition. The instruction books of the nineteenth century, which Bingham apparently referred to, simply continued the tradition by repeating most of the old recipes. There can be little question that Bingham sought to develop a system of rules which he could readily adapt in his work. Once they were found and assimilated with his style, they were always to be closely obeyed.

The New York reporter who found fault with Bingham's use of the pyramidal form in "The Jolly Flatboatmen" also added that he found the composition "artificial" and the subject itself a "vulgar" one, regretting its choice by the Art-Union as a subject to be engraved for its membership. He then proceeded to discuss the painter's use of color and handling of textures in both the "Flatboatmen" and the "Raftsmen Playing Cards" (also included in the Art-Union's distribution for 1847), stating that "in color they are disagreeable, a monotonous, dull, dirty pink pervades every part; and in texture there is the same monotony. Flesh, logs, and earthen jug have the same quality of substance, the same want of harmony."

The predominantly pink tonality and the sameness in the handling of textures observed by the critic were limitations the artist himself may have realized. In addition there is still present, as in the "Fur Traders," the

lack of atmospheric unity between figures and landscape. The figures are sharply outlined against the sky and the pattern of the garments carefully delineated, while the landscape just behind them suggests a softer, more suffused mood. Indeed, so decisively are the contours enforced that on placing the Doney engraving beside a black-and-white photograph of the painting it is difficult to tell the two apart.

The "Jolly Flatboatmen" motif must have proved a popular one with the public, for the artist returned to it again and again. The carefree, light-hearted note it suggested was one that appealed to the romantic sensibility of the period. And again, Bingham seemed always to seek out the typical aspect of the western scene in almost the same way that William Sidney Mount portrayed similar interpretations of the Long Island scene. Perhaps Mount's "Dance of the Haymakers," sometimes alternatively titled "Music is Contagious," comes closest to serving as a pendant to "The Jolly Flatboatmen." The intimate glimpse of farmers enjoying a moment of relaxation after a day's toil — two of them dancing while another plays the fiddle — appears almost identical in mood and action to the flatboatmen. The Mount picture was painted in 1845, a year earlier than Bingham's, and a lithograph produced after it may have appeared shortly afterward. Mount had previously used a similar motif in his "Breakdown," dated 1835, in which a dancing figure was also the central subject.

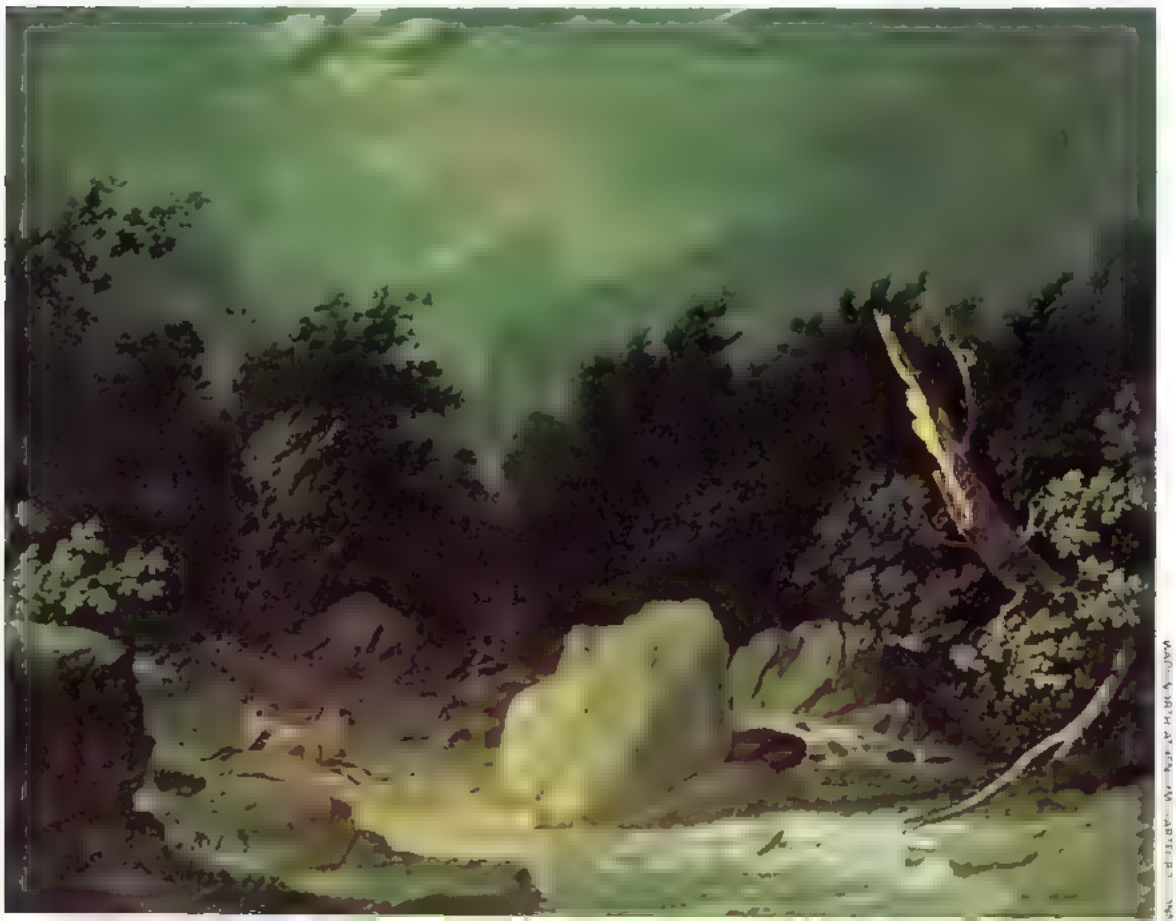
The tendency to avoid the more melodramatic interpretation of these subjects, which may be said to be characteristic of both Bingham and Mount, was evidently early recognized and appreciated by contemporary critics. Although the following statement was extracted from a review of other Bingham paintings, it could actually serve to describe any of his genre subjects:

> He has not sought out those incidents or occasions which might be supposed to give the best opportunity for display, and a flashy, highly colored picture; but he has taken the simplest, most frequent and common occurrences on our rivers—such as every boatman will encounter in a season—such as would seem, even to the casual and careless observer, of very ordinary moment, but which are precisely those in which the full and undisguised character of the boatman is displayed.

As an interesting sidelight, Bingham's flatboatmen, as presented in this picture, reappeared only slightly altered in two lithographs published by Currier and Ives in 1865 and 1870. In both examples the flatboat, with its dancing and music-making figures, was unmistakably borrowed from the Bingham composition, in all probability using the Art-Union engraving as the immediate source of inspiration. Charles Wimar, a Bingham contemporary, who was active in St. Louis and certainly must have been familiar with the artist's work, painted a scene of "Jolly Flatboatmen by Moonlight" in Dusseldorf, in 1854. Despite obvious alterations in arrangement and detail, the composition was undoubtedly inspired by Bingham's first "Jolly Flatboatmen," although Wimar also probably knew only the engraved copy of the picture.

A second version of "The Jolly Flatboatmen" was included in the administrator's sale of Bingham's estate which was held in Kansas City some fourteen years after his death. This painting is still in the possession of the family of the original purchaser, Thomas Hoyle Mastin. We know little about its history beyond the fact that it was apparently retained by the artist from the time it was executed. The picture is an important one for our study, primarily because it reveals so eloquently the artist's constant effort at self-improvement through study and observation, not only of the works of others, but also by a critical analysis of his own compositions.

In point of time the painting can be dated stylistically about 1848. Although related to the Art-Union painting of the same subject, its differences are marked in the artist's



development in terms of a firmer grasp of the pictorial problem involved

The flatboat is still placed parallel to the picture-plane, but its scale has been reduced to permit a larger sense of air and space on both sides and to allow the eye to travel more freely into the background The oars have been pulled in, too, breaking the strong barrier of horizontals which held the spectator's attention fast to the action in the foreground in the earlier version. The scale of the figures has been reduced as well, also permitting the observer more freedom and a greater sense of the distance as something other than a backdrop for the group

The central composition has been retained, with the six foreground figures occupying the same positions as in the Art-Union picture, conforming to the cone-shaped pattern noted in the earlier painting The most significant change occurs in the dancing figure. The strict frontality has been altered, the figure is now turned on its axis toward the right, his raised right leg and arm forming an oblique line which creates a far more effective impression of movement. The silhouette created by the figure is freer and more effectively succeeds in catching the attention of the observer than its precursor in the 1846 version, which appears stilted and pictorially limited by comparison. The arrangement of the new figure also enabled the painter to simplify

Until his death in 1879, Bingham relied upon portraiture as the foundation of his career, and his portraits — ranging in subject matter from John Quincy Adams to local Missouri dignitaries — sometimes achieved the bold effect seen in the 1844 study of Missouri's governor, John Cummings Edwards (above). For a brief period in the 1850's he essayed a major attempt at landscape art, with generally mediocre results. "The Storm," executed in 1850 and reproduced on the facing page, is typical of such work, which might be described as "fancy pictures" arranged into dramatic concoctions pleasing to the eye. In the years shortly before his death, he once again took to landscapes, unsuccessfully attempting to match the popularity of such artists as Albert Bierstadt in depicting western scenes. But the work for which he will be remembered was in the medium of the genre painting which captured time and place. One of his most successful series along these lines depicted the life of the working frontier politician. Bingham himself ran for the Missouri state legislature twice — once successfully — and his experience gave to such productions as our cover painting for this issue and "Canvassing for a Vote," seen at the right, a lively versimilitude that transcended the limitations of his adherence to classical models.

WILLIAM ROCKHILL NELSON GALLERY OF ART, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

The "Dance of the Haymakers" (1845) of Long Island painter William Sidney Mount would indicate that Bingham's preoccupation with portraying lighthearted moments in the life of the working man was a common one for the period. The "Haymakers" is almost identical in mood and action to the "Flatboatmen."

the background group by eliminating one of the boatmen. Details detracting from the central composition have also been simplified, so that many of the objects formerly occupying the area in front of the figures have been removed, that section now being cast into strong shadow. Minor details of costume have been changed, and the seated figure at left now smokes a pipe instead of merely resting his right hand against his cheek

There is a greater intensity in the general technical handling of the picture, marking the artist's transition from his first composition to his later, more developed style The sharp and incisive modeling of the earlier figures, the sameness of textures, and the considered though uncoordinated treatment of lights and darks now give way to a broader and more mature understanding The contours of the figures in the Mastin picture are softened, and a general and decisive handling of lights and shadows unites the group, affording them space occupancy within the setting. Textures are handled more knowingly, with details such as patterns of cloth eliminated almost entirely, only the striping of the dancing boatman's vest remains to remind us of a characteristic that can be considered almost a signature of Bingham's first genre pictures

The gaily dancing figure at the apex of the composition holds added interest for this study, its pose reveals the artist's continuing observation and use of the antique model, in this instance paralleling in pose and movement a Hellenistic figure of a dancing satyr (This classical figure was actually well known in small-scale reproductions which must have ornamented many a parlor in Bingham's time.) The motif of the handkerchief that the boatman waves as he dances brings to mind a similar motif used in Gericault's "The Raft of the Medusa," a painting Bingham could conceivably have known through engraved reproduction.

The third composition, "The Jolly Flatboatman in Port," is by far the most ambitious extant treatment of the subject by the artist, and rightly marks the final step in the series. It was completed during the fall of 1857 in Dusseldorf, Germany, and can also be said to indicate his final important effort in the field of pure genre

Bingham evidently thought well enough of the painting to submit it to two important exhibitions on his return from Europe The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia and the first show of the Western Academy of Art in St Louis, both in 1860. Two years later he placed it on indefinite loan to the St. Louis Mercantile Library Association. The picture was purchased by John How in 1865 for eventual display in the O'Fallon Polytechnic Institute of St. Louis, and soon afterward removed from the Library, to be returned to the institution when presented by John H Beach in 1879 for its permanent collection. The painting passed into the possession of the City Art Museum of St. Louis in 1944

The subject differs from the two earlier known versions in that the flatboat and its occupants are no longer represented in the peaceful occupation of drifting downstream on the river, following the romantic descriptions of the early writers. The boat is shown tied to the wharf, its cargo discharged, and its occupants actively celebrating the completion of a successful voyage by dancing, playing music, and drinking. The crew has been joined by dock workers who fill out the central group, and additional figures such as the two businessmen and the two children are introduced

The core of the original composition has been retained—the dancing flatboatman at the apex of the pyramid, flanked by the two figures playing musical instruments and the three onlookers in the foreground. The poses of the two players and the dancer remain almost unchanged, the dancer taken over directly from the Mastin example, but showing a better understanding now of the movement of the body and the turn of his head—both closer to the pose of the antique satyr than its predecessor

The painting is composed of twenty-one figures, with the central group made up of fourteen figures instead of seven or eight, but the artist nevertheless seeks to use the same solution as formerly, despite the greater complexity of the problem. The same deliberate approach is visible, and despite the complication of the scheme through the addition of many supplementary figures and accessories, the careful plotting of the lines is still very much in evidence. The old pyramid-cone, although once more the underlying framework of the picture, no longer recalls the obvious, naively conceived composition of the earlier versions. The approach is a more sophisticated one in which the desired elements of the idea are retained, but the action is no longer sublimated or limited by the basic framework. There is now a far more fluid, less contrived movement felt throughout which reveals the mature artist. It is interesting at this point to compare the Pell and Mastin versions with the later composition. In the Pell painting we see the rather symmetrically conceived framework, the central figure facing the spectator, and the entire action concentrated within the limits of the pyramid-cone, adhering rigidly to the letter of the instruction book. Perhaps realizing the restrictions of the form, and attempting to offset its stultifying effects, while still retaining its effectiveness, Bingham turns the central figure on its axis away from the vertical in the second version. However, although the change reveals the result of study and self-criticism, the underlying influence of the instruction book still remains

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THE AMERICAN WEST REVIEW

NEW APPROACHES TO THE FINANCIAL WEST

BY THOMAS C. COCHRAN

WRITING THE HISTORY of nations or major regions, such as the American West, may be seen as going through a series of evolutionary stages. First, heroic chronicles of the pioneers are written by journalists and men who lived through the period; next, the professional historians sift the evidence and shape the early chronicles into competent but limited narrative histories; finally, the synthesizers and interpreters attempt to find the interrelations and larger meaning implicit in the narratives. Since older regions of the United States only reached this ultimate historical maturity in the early decades of the twentieth century, it is not surprising that the newest area of the nation is still in the process of inaugurating the third stage.

The history of exploration, transportation, mining, and cattle raising is by its nature chiefly economic. Free political institutions adjust themselves to such economic forces, and can, as Willard Hurst points out, best be understood in relation to the demands of the market and popular conceptions of the needs of economic progress. Consequently, the neglect of the economic history of the West has been emphasized by such scholars as John Caughey, Gerald D. Nash, Earl Pomeroy, and Wallace Farnham as a serious impediment to progress in the final stage of writing western history.

While the essays collected by Gene Gressley in *The American West: A Reorientation* are well-executed professional history, only about half of them represent a new level of synthesis or interpretation. Thus Gerald White's account of Benjamin Silliman, Jr., and the California oil boom of the 1860's is an interesting addition to the literature of midnineteenth-century geology and petroleum development, but it is essentially a narrative of the pioneers. The story of the Horn Silver Bonanza by Leonard J. Arrington and Wayne K. Hinton is good company history and reflects some of the dangers, such as corrupt management, borne by investors in mining stocks, but is only a case study.

Although Richard T. Ruetten's account of Senator Wayne B. Wheeler in the politics of the 1920's is also of the case-study type, it moves closer to broad interpretation. Professor Ruetten shows how one group in the West, at least, saw eastern big business as equally imperialistic in both domestic and foreign affairs. In a short essay on a large subject he cannot get into the complex realities of East-West business relationships.

The difficulty of "reorientation" in a brief essay may be basic to all three of these selections. The editor hoped for more than proved possible. The remaining three chapters, however—largely because of the comprehensive nature of the problems treated—supply more general insights for the reorientation of western history. William Lilley II and Lewis L. Gould, discussing the irrigation movement, and Gerald Nash, writing of the publicly operated Port of San Francisco, emphasize the inefficiency of late nineteenth-century state government. With the ablest citizens pursuing private wealth, the state was lucky to secure administrators who had even a minimum of competence. James Bryce saw this clearly, but commentators in the interim have been inclined to overlook the selectivity in recruitment that operated to give business the more, and state and local government the less, able.

The American West: A Reorientation edited by Gene M. Gressley *(University of Wyoming, $5.00).*

The Lilley and Gould essay also shows the weakness of states as development agencies in thinly populated areas. State government lacks the resources in taxable wealth to finance many of the projects needed for rapid economic progress. Irrigation is shown to have been one such project that ultimately required federal aid; hydro-electric power and transportation were others.

Fortunately, the hope for personal profit was high enough in the case of railroad transportation to lead to an effective partnership between the federal government and private corporations. As Wallace Farnham points out in an excellent essay on railroads in western history, the early roads were the development agencies of the West, and the early history should be synthesized around them. Since these institutional pioneers were largely controlled by financiers in East Coast seaports, study of the beginnings of western economic growth is bound up with equally needed studies of national business. A significant first step in this direction has been taken by Arthur M. Johnson and Barry E. Supple in *Boston Capitalists and Western Railroads: A Study in the*

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LOOKING WESTWARD

By Joseph E. Illick

Having recently discussed the history of ideas and comparative history as means of interpreting the past, and having suggested the possibilities of a psychological approach, I seized upon the following observation: "Since the 1950's historians have increasingly called upon the techniques of the behavioral sciences both as methodological guidelines in the writing of social history and as aids in specific studies of cultural change." This is the statement, and the aspiration as well, of G. Edward White in **The Eastern Establishment and the Western Experience: The West of Frederic Remington, Theodore Roosevelt, and Owen Wister** *(Yale, $6.75)*, another volume in the Yale "Publications in American Studies." White sides with the historians who have rejected "the regionally oriented views of Turner and Webb for analyses which stress the complex interactions between national and regional cultures"—historians whom he characterizes as "American-centered" or national (R. W. B. Lewis, Richard Chase, Charles Sanford, Leo Marx) and "western-centered" or regional (Earl Pomeroy, Howard Lamar, Henry Nash Smith, Arthur Moore). Both views have limitations, but White vows to fuse the best aspects of the two perspectives into a study of "the unique place occupied by the West in twentieth-century American culture" not only "in terms of [the West's] inner workings . . . but in terms of a dialectical theory of American culture."

Studies such as White's have an unfortunate tendency to bog down in a semantic mire of dialectics, ambivalences, dualities, polarities, and such terms as must make Hegel chuckle in his grave. As I read it, White is saying that there is a West, and that there is an eastern perception of the West ("conceived metaphorically"). "Eastern" has such a broad meaning that the focus must be narrowed, in this case to the "Establishment" The existence of the Establishment, as I see it, is testified to by the beliefs of the far Right, the far Left, and sociologists. Its virtue as a "methodological guideline" is its flexibility; it presently includes Henry Cabot Lodge, Lyndon Johnson, and Arthur Goldberg. White, following the lead of sociologist E. Digby Baltzell and historian Richard Hofstadter, is somewhat more rigorous, but no one will be shocked to find that the ruling class is a "primary group of prestige and power," some of whom have traditional boarding-school–college–club backgrounds and some of whom do not.

How did this Establishment view the West? In the half century from 1835 to 1885, the views of Cooper, Irving, and Parkman prevailed. Their concern was "the degree to which society (or the lack of it) in the wilderness represented an alternative to the social structure of the East"; their conclusion was that the West was a wilderness populated by men only a degree removed from savagery. The transformation from this image of the West to a far more favorable one was directly related to the rise of industrialism in the East. And the new image had much to do with the efforts of three members of the eastern Establishment who went west.

Remington, Roosevelt, and Wister each "had experienced prior to his departure a sense of frustration, disappointment, or personal tragedy, and sought in the West a moratorium, a momentary stay against confusion, or the chance to begin life from a new perspective." Furthermore, each made the journey during "the transition from adolescence to adulthood" (a protracted adolescence, one might add, since Remington was 20, Roosevelt was 26 and Wister was 25). Borrowing eclectically from social psychologist Erik Erikson, White suggests that all three men could have been experiencing identity crises. (White's demur that "a professional evaluation of possible identity crises . . . is beyond the scope of this study" seems to mean that the evaluation will not be professional.) The anxieties of all three stemmed from the shared fact that each

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THE AMERICAN WEST REVIEW

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NEW FROM NEBRASKA...

BILL NYE'S WESTERN HUMOR

Selected and with an introduction by T. A. Larson.

This collection from America's best-known humorist of the late 1880's and early 1890's is both good fun and of interest to the social historian as a valuable picture of a lively period. The 83 selections are from the Laramie, Cheyenne, and Denver newspapers and from six books published in the 1880's.

September **$4.75**

BOSTONIANS AND BULLION:

The Journal of Robert Livermore, 1892-1915

Edited by Gene M. Gressley

A welcome addition to the small shelf of literature on western mining management, this journal holds special significance in its record of labor difficulties. Livermore spent the years 1903-1911 at mines in the San Juan Mountains (his father held controlling interest in the Smuggler-Union) and later helped develop Canada's Cobalt area, which became a bonanza.

September **$6.95**

VIA WESTERN EXPRESS & STAGECOACH:

California's Transportation Links with the Nation, 1848-1869

By Oscar Osburn Winther

The modes, dangers, hardships, and delights of cross-country travel, wayside taverns and their bills-of-fare, pioneer stage and express men, famous drivers, and notorious highwaymen are emphasized in a book "that is both instructive and entertaining"—*American Historical Review*

September
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Revised Edition

By Herbert S. Schell

Here is an up-to-date version of the book that "reflects the well-balanced scholarship of an author who goes beyond lifeless dates and names to the personalities and folklore which make history exciting"—*Wisconsin Magazine of History*. "A full-scale history, balanced, authoritative, and comprehensive"—*The Book Exchange*

September **$6.95**

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HISTORY OF NORTH DAKOTA

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Revised Edition

By James C. Olson

"Scholarly, balanced, richly researched"—*New York Times Book Review*. "An excellent survey...the book reads well and the author plows deeply in virgin soil"—*The Historical Bulletin*.

$6.50

University of Nebraska Press
Lincoln 68508

THE PASSENGER AS PIGEON

By John L. Shover

A few weeks ago the famed *Lark*, which for fifty-eight years traversed nightly the scenic coast route between Los Angeles and San Francisco, joined in the obituary column of dead passenger trains such distinguished predecessors as the Shasta *Daylight* and the *City of San Francisco*. Soon the Burlington *Zephyr* may be added. For those determined souls who can do the research necessary to learn schedules, ignore the insults of ticket agents, and dig ever deeper into their pockets to pay the fare, there remains sporadic commuter service and a few transcity expresses on which one may enjoy dry sandwiches and cold coffee while being carried to his destination in the maximum time possible. Meanwhile, increasing portions of the landscape are paved to facilitate the nine hundred billion miles we travel by auto each year; at both New York and Chicago all air facilities reached the saturation point in 1967.

1869. May 10th. 1869.
Rail Road from the Atlantic to the Pacific
GRAND OPENING
Union Pacific
OMAHA
Travelers for Pleasure, Health or Business
LUXURIOUS CARS & EATING HOUSES

To Hell in a Day Coach: An Exasperated Look at American Railroads by Peter Lyon *(J. B. Lippincott Company, $5.95).*

About all this, Peter Lyon is not only exasperated, he is irate. The most sensible, efficient, cheapest, convenient, safest, and potentially most comfortable way to travel between cities a few hundred miles apart, he argues, is the railway. Moreover, this slow expiration of rail transportation has not been because of natural causes. Passengers didn't so much jump off the trains—they were pushed. Given the author's obvious values, he makes a good case. The lament of railroad executives that they lose money on passenger service, he contends, "is and always has been a statistical mirage," accomplished by charging up to passenger service millions of dollars of maintenance and overhead costs that would have to be paid even if every passenger train stopped running. The cause of the termination of many of the profitable mail contracts has not been the aversion of the Post Office Department to railroads, rather it has been brought about most often by the railroads' own request and their policy of service reduction. Delving deeper, Lyon uncovers a policy, which he dates as far back as 1929, of discarding passenger service in favor of more profitable and less demanding freight traffic. In 1962, 60 percent of all passenger cars were more than thirty years old. Feasible technical improvements have been ignored; for example, railroads have long been capable of safely operating trains at high speed, and they move at tortoise pace only because the companies have deliberately downgraded the service. Lyon argues convincingly that obsolescent passenger service is unnecessary when he cites the example of two railroads—the Canadian National and the Chicago and Northwestern—that modernized their services, attracted satisfied customers, and made money in the process.

"The public be damned," said William Henry Vanderbilt in 1882, and to Lyon's way of thinking this would be a fair characterization of railroad management policy ever since. The problems of railroad service today are rooted in history. From the very outset, railroad corporations, unlike other businesses, were quasi-public in nature, having been formed to serve the public convenience and necessity. The first thirteen of the sixteen chapters of this book are an acid chronicle of what the author terms a "tug of war between the natural greed for private profit and the irksome obligation to serve the public interest." From the days of Jay Gould, Daniel Drew, J. P. Morgan, and Tom Scott, the public has always lost.

To criticize *To Hell in a Day Coach* is not to extol the virtues of railroad czars or railroad policies. This is not an impartial book; it is an advocate's brief against the railroads. The historical chapters are little more than a rogues' gallery in which the author has assembled the most blatant and dramatic instances of railroad promoters' financial chicanery and political wheeling and dealing. Lyon is so carried away with this task of excoriation that he fails to establish more than a tenuous link—that the railroads always have ignored the public interest—between policies of the past and problems of the present. He so emphasizes the willful (and usually deceitful) actions of individual men that he ensnares himself in a questionable "devil theory" of history that ignores the conditioning influence of the social, economic, and political environment. For example, with no evidence at all, he categorically denies that any economic factors such as unit cost of transport or direction of flow of traffic could *ever* justify rate differentials between long and short hauls.

Nevertheless, once the reader has survived the long lead-in, he will find in the last four chapters a penetrating essay on the critical problem of modern transportation and a challenging plan for solving it. These chapters he may read with profit and mounting indignation—and perhaps when he is finished, the reader may be tempted to cut them out and mail them to his state legislator or congressman. □

John L. Shover *is in the Department of History at San Francisco State College and author of* Corn Belt Rebellion: The Farmer's Holiday Association *(1965).*

RIVER FORTS AND THE MILITARY FRONTIER

By Robert M. Utley

Forts of the Upper Missouri, by Robert G. Athearn *(Prentice Hall, $7.95).*

After an excursion into railroad history, Robert G. Athearn now returns to a field of earlier labors, in which he won acclaim for his chronicle and assessment of General Sherman's part in the opening of the West. Athearn thus brings knowledge and insight, born of long study of the Plains military frontier, to this overview of the army on the upper Missouri—the sixth book in Prentice Hall's "American Forts Series." One chapter looks at the fur-trading posts on the upper river, but the balance of the book focuses on the line of military posts that extended up the Missouri River as it came into increasing prominence as a travel corridor to the mountains.

Not for three decades after the abortive Atkinson-O'Fallon expedition of 1825 did the army plant itself on the upper Missouri. At the close of the Sioux campaign of 1855, General William S. Harney temporarily occupied the old fur post at Fort Pierre, then moved downriver to establish Fort Randall. The Minnesota bloodbath of 1862 swept angry Santee Sioux refugees into Dakota, where they mixed with Teton Sioux who were already irritated by the growing stream of travelers using the Missouri as a pathway to the Montana gold fields. These factors, combined with the hesitant advance of settlement into southeastern Dakota, propelled the military frontier up the river. The Sibley and Sully campaigns of 1863–65 brought into being forts Sully and Rice and left soldiers at the fur posts of Berthold and Union, which were soon replaced by the military posts of Stevenson and Buford. Athearn chronicles these campaigns and follows the story of each fort through the rest of the 1860's.

By the 1870's the zone of hostilities had moved farther west. The river forts became principally guardians of the Sioux reservations laid out pursuant to the Treaty of 1868 and bases for the campaigns to the west that finally ended Sioux resistance in the late 1870's. By 1890 the forts had been surrounded by immigrant farmers. No longer needed, one after another was abandoned.

This book throws a welcome light on a portion of the Plains Indian frontier usually treated peripherally and superficially by authors more intent on the dramatic events that occurred in the Platte, Powder, and Yellowstone country. The chapter on Fort Buford during the critical years of 1867–68 is an especially useful contribution. But the developments farther west—the Connor and Carrington operations in 1865–66, the Bozeman Trail story, the hostilities of 1875–80—while inseparably related to developments on the Missouri, are mentioned scarcely or not at all. Athearn stays too close to the Missouri to reveal these relationships with a clarity sufficient to place the river forts in their larger context of the northern Plains frontier.

Even so, this is a valuable book that authoritatively fills a gap in frontier history until now imperfectly bridged. Solidly based on research in official records, private correspondence, and contemporary newspapers, it is engagingly written and replete with colorful, often humorous detail. It will stand for some time as the best work on the subject. □

Robert M. Utley, *Chief Historian for the National Park Service, is a member of the editorial board of* The American West *and author of* Frontiersmen in Blue: The United States Army and the Indian, 1848–1865 *(1967)*

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John Upton Terrell

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W·T

WEYBRIGHT AND TALLEY
NEW YORK

A WESTERN GATHERING

Full bibliographic information (number of pages, where published, etc.) for all books reviewed can be obtained from the listing under Current Western Books, page 60

Rocky Mountain Mining Camps: The Urban Frontier by Duane A. Smith *(Indiana University Press, $4.95).*

The Cornish Miner in America by Arthur Cecil Todd *(D. Bradford Barton and The Arthur H. Clark Co., $10).*

Ghost Towns of the Colorado Rockies by Robert L. Brown *(Caxton Printers, $6.25).*

BY MARSHALL SPRAGUE

IF SOMEONE ASKED ME to instruct him in the history of western mining, I could do no better than to put three recent books in his hands that tell the story from many different perspectives.

First, I would have him read Duane A. Smith's *Rocky Mountain Mining Camps,* which traces the changing social and political structure of a vast frontier wilderness settled within a single generation, from 1859 to 1890. Mr. Smith, a history teacher at Fort Lewis College in Durango, Colorado, has some of the world's most rugged old camps in his backyard, but his study ranges beyond these, north to Virginia City and Montana, west to Silver City and Idaho, south to Tombstone and the OK Corral.

The result is a portrait of a composite camp, how it came to be, and what effect it had. The mining-camp settlement of the Rockies was unique; the frontier was not pushed back by rural spread, as in the East, but rather by urbanized pinpoints, marking the places where precious metals occurred in the vastness of the Rockies.

The portrait is complete. The reader learns that the mining rushes were made by the young. "I was there a good many years," one argonaut reported, "before I saw a man with gray hair." Mostly the miners were white Americans, with a sprinkling of Chinese, Negroes, and Mexicans. At first, pure democracy prevailed without social distinctions. But if a camp survived, the usual cleavages developed between rich and poor. The chapters on development are especially good — describing the initial squatting on the unorganized public domain, the creation of unofficial miners' districts, and finally, the transition to formal local government within the federal frame of territories and states.

Some professors seem to have a morbid fear in their writing of being colorful — of saying *Wow!* Mr. Smith has a touch of this fear, remarking wanly, now and then, that there was nothing very colorful, romantic, or "wowish" about camp life, because it was mainly hard work, monotony, and disillusionment. He says this, but he doesn't paint his portrait this way. His lines exude the sweet feel of freedom, the hope for a better life that made these camps the essence of adventure

Thus Mr. Smith explains to my student the structure of camps. The second recommended book will tell him what underground mining is like. It is called *The Cornish Miner in America* and the Cornish author is Arthur Cecil Todd, who lives in Penzance, where he is a Tutor at the University of Exeter. The book is drawn from monumental research into the lives of literally thousands of "Cousin Jacks"—based on diaries, letters, and reminiscences. The range is not merely the West. Cornishmen were the world's best miners and were in demand everywhere. They began appearing in Wisconsin's lead mines in the 1830's. After that, Mr. Todd traces their activities in Upper Michigan, in California with the forty-niners, and other western places, including Central City, Colorado.

This is a book of horrors. Almost every paragraph makes the reader wonder why the Cousin Jacks have stuck to their craft all these centuries. On a single page James Peters was crushed by a cave-in at the Empire Star, William George fell three hundred feet to the bottom of the Ophir shaft, William Gribble's face was smashed to pulp by falling rock, Joseph Hoskins and Dick Richards were done in at Marysville by exploding cartridges, and John Kinsman's hands and William Craze's skull were scattered by a premature explosion at Nevada City. Some survived—George Pascoe of the Empire "lived to work again after bolting horses had raced an ore wagon over him."

Amplifying his horror theme, Todd quotes verses from the *Owyhee Avalanche* of Boise, Idaho

'Tis his to find the glittering ore,
For ages hid in earth's dark womb,
To creep and climb, to dig and bore
And build himself a living tomb
Some six feet high, some four feet wide
And reached o'er depths that few would stride

For his third lesson, my student would put *Ghost Towns of the Colorado Rockies* in his car and head for the hills to see what remains of the camp structure that Mr. Smith told him about and to see the surface evidence of the underground workings, so dramatically described by Cornishman Todd. This latest of camp guides is by Robert L. Brown, Deputy Sheriff of the Denver Westerners and history teacher in the Denver public schools.

The book's endpapers present a simple road map, showing how to reach some sixty camps of one kind or another—famous ones, like Fairplay, Silver Plume, Silverton, Ouray, and those not so famous, such as Vanadium (north of Telluride), Dyersville (off the Boreas Pass Road above Como), and Puma City (on Tarryall Creek). Almost all of the sites can be easily reached in the family car.

One outstanding feature of the book is the "then-and-now" photographs, which the author, a fine photographer, has collected with the help of Fred Mazzulla and dozens more of the Denver Westerners. Each chapter has a superb, century-old photograph of a camp scene; below it is Brown's recent photograph of exactly the same spot. The effect is powerful; the works of man are ephemeral, but the mountains do not change. □

Forgotten People: A Study of New Mexicans, by George I. Sanchez *(Calvin Horn, $5.75).*

BY JOHN PORTER BLOOM

TWENTY-FIVE TO THIRTY years ago, this small book was a treatise of the times, but its reprinting now could be questioned, especially at the price of $5.75. The author's "forgotten people," the New Mexicans, are the descendants of the Spanish-speaking inhabitants (chiefly of mixed Spanish and Mexican-Indian blood) who were annexed along with the land after the United States' conflict with Mexico, 1846–1848. Sanchez describes their continuing unhappy plight, maintaining in a very brief new preface (dated July, 1967), that their condition has not essentially improved in the period since the original issuance of this book. "Where are our land grants, for example?" he asks.

Sanchez's most successful chapters are those devoted to the "forgotten people" of Taos County and his recommendations for improving their lot. Commendably, he recognizes that the New Mexican's economic problems "are closely allied to his total cultural situation. . . . His crisis is a socio-economic one and transcends the bounds of income levels." He recommends social legislation that probably seemed extreme to many persons when the book first appeared, but seems tame in the context of the 1960's. His justification: "New Mexico was inducted into territorial status, and later into statehood, on the basic assumption that the region embraced those social and economic resources . . . [sufficient] to attain a level of social welfare comparable to that of other regions within the United States" This is at least debatable.

A notable contradiction appears on page 13 where, discussing the early days of Spanish and Mexican rule in New Mexico, the author speaks of "a past in which they knew self-reliance and success," whereas on page 10 he depicts the life of the early New Mexican grimly: ". . . a primitive agricultural economy which stifled initiative and which gave little hope for the future." The book has slight documentation, no index or bibliography, and poorly reproduced pictures. □

John Porter Bloom, *of the National Archives, Washington, D.C., is a former Secretary-Treasurer of the Western History Association.*

Edible Native Plants of the Rocky Mountains, by H. D. Harrington *(University of New Mexico Press, $8.95).*

BY THOMAS C. RYTHER

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN CITIFIED men are thrown on their own resources? This question may occur to many of us who traverse the transmountain West, whether car-bound or facing nature with Coleman stove and freeze-dried food. Theoretically, it should be getting easier to subsist for long periods, when dependent on our own resources, given all the research done on survival. But occasional failures of presumably well-trained individuals make us wonder if the affluent life kills the psychic equipment requisite for survival. H. D. Harrington's book reminds us that we live surrounded by edibles and that we have worked hard to redefine these as non-edibles, in order to do our duty to the supermarkets.

Nevertheless, if you intend to survive in the Rocky Mountains on what is at hand, you had better take along a few books in addition to *Edible Native Plants,* which is exactly what it claims to be, "a botanical listing . . . also much more. It provides the reader with recipes as well as ethnobotanical information about the uses of these plants by the historic and prehistoric Indians of the area." The illustrations by Y. Matsumura are beautifully detailed. But the text and illustrations are not arranged to make it a field guide, and the pictures are not colored. Also, the information on habitat (elevation, proximity to other species, geographic setting) is disturbingly vague; with such descriptions as "above 5,000 feet, west of Nebraska." Although this book is clearly the best source for taste descriptions, cooking instructions, detailed drawings, and the Indians' uses of the Rocky Mountain plants, it will not prove handy to one about to starve to death somewhere west of Denver. Still, it is a very fine book, and its purpose is achieved with a succinct and often humorous text.

It is reassuring that the author has tried almost every one of the edible natives he describes. There is a long and detailed section on what we ought to avoid, too, including the following on *Cannabis sativa:* "However the plant contains poisonous alkaloids and, as is well known, is smoked in various parts of the world for its narcotic effects. It would seem better to avoid using such a plant as food at all." □

Thomas C. Ryther, *whose "The Urban Community and Our Lost Inheritance" appeared in the January, 1968, issue of* THE AMERICAN WEST REVIEW, *is a Research Associate in the Department of Pediatrics, Stanford Medical Center.*

Fool's Gold: The Decline and Fall of Captain John Sutter of California by Richard Dillon *(Coward-McCann, $6 95).*

BY GEORGE P. HAMMOND

THE OLD SAYING, "All that glitters is not gold," could well be applied to John A. Sutter. This German-Swiss immigrant came to California in 1839, near the end of its Mexican heyday, and started to build a small empire of his own on the Sacramento River. Years later, unable to keep up with the kaleidoscopic changes of the time, he fell victim to the speedy events of history — the Gold Rush and all that went with it — and lost everything, like a plunger in a gambling venture.

In this book, *Fool's Gold,* Dillon has essayed to tell the story of Sutter's life, from birth to death, and to revise or correct the distortions or inadequacies of previous biographers.

In his inland empire, Sutter engaged in farming, fur-hunting, cattle-raising, trading and lumbering, employing whatever foreigners, usually Americans, who came along and needed a job. He loyally supported Governor Manuel Micheltorena when Castro and Alvarado, two leading Californians, revolted in 1844; but thereafter he stuck to the business of enlarging and improving his farms, ranches, and other interests. All this went extremely well—until January, 1848, when gold was discovered at the sawmill he and Marshall were building at Coloma, a mill to be driven by waterpower instead of by using the former crude, hand-operated methods

With verification of the richness of the mines, a host of gold-hungry men thronged in from all parts of the world. Since Sutter's properties lay so close to the gold country, and his establishment was the only place near the mines where gold-seekers could obtain information and supplies, they overran his lands, took or dispersed his cattle, horses, grain, gardens, and even squatted on his great properties. These gold-hunters were an aggressive and resourceful lot, in competition with whom Sutter was no match. Little by little, he lost nearly everything, eventually settling in a Moravian colony in Pennsylvania, whence he pleaded with the government of California and with the United States Congress for compensation for his services.

The author's story is well told, but it leaves something to be desired. Was Sutter's downfall due to alcohol, or was it due to his failure to match wits with the new breed of citizens who had come to California? Was he really as dissolute as here described, or is this part of the author's lively writing and his attempt to dramatize the life of Sutter in his private kingdom? The author's little errors of fact show either too great haste or too little study, and there is some lack of clarity in presentation of the narrative.

One is led to the conclusion that this is still not the definitive biography of Sutter, and that a rereading of Zollinger's *Sutter, the Man and His Empire,* or the works of Gudde, Dana, or Wilbur will be useful in understanding this little man, who became great only because he happened to stand at one of the great crossroads of history. □

George P. Hammond *is Director Emeritus of the Bancroft Library.*

Montana in Miniature: The Pictorial History of Montana from Early Exploration to Early Statehood by Philip G. Cole *(O'Neill Printers, $18.50).*

Face of the Frontier by Lorence F. Bjorklund *(Dodd, Mead & Company, $6.95).*

Epitaph for the Giants: The Story of the Tillamook Burn by J. Larry Kemp *(Touchstone Press, $4.95).*

Daddy of 'Em All: The Story of Cheyenne Frontier Days by Robert D. (Bob) Hanesworth *(Flintlock Publishing Company, $7.00).*

Rails, Sagebrush and Pine: A Garland of Railroad and Logging Days in Oregon's Sumpter Valley by Mallory Hope Ferrell *(Golden West Books, $8.95).*

Lines West: A Pictorial History of the Great Northern Railway; Operations and Motive Power from 1887 to 1967 by Charles R. Wood *(Superior Publishing Company, $12.95).*

Here Rolled the Covered Wagons by Albert and Jane Salisbury *(Superior Publishing Company, $10.00).*

Tales the Western Tombstones Tell by Lambert Florin *(Superior Publishing Company, $12.95).*

Pioneer Forts of the West by Herbert W. Hart *(Superior Publishing Company, $12.95).*

Doctors of the Old West: A Pictorial History of Medicine on The Frontier by Robert F. Karolevitz *(Superior Publishing Company, $12.95).*

BY DON RUSSELL

HERE IS A ROUNDUP of titles likely to be passed over as picture books, or even coffee-table books—presumably oversized and somewhat overpriced, to be looked at and perhaps admired, but not to be read. They should not be so easily dismissed. Photographs and historical or contemporary paintings and drawings may be as important as the written word—sometimes more so. But too often a picture book is merely a collection of unidentified trivia—illustrated with anything that comes to hand; sometimes the publisher pretties it up without even consulting the author.

The books listed here are better than that; all make some contribution to western Americana, presenting the picture as a part of history.

At the top of the list, in price at least ($18.50, with a limited edition in leather at $50.00) is *Montana in Miniature.* Olaf C. Seltzer, a Danish immigrant to Great Falls, lived literally in the shadow of the well-known Charley Russell; but he developed a style of his own, producing oil paintings in miniature (5 by 7 inches) so meticulous in detail that Seltzer eventually had to quit because of eyestrain. Philip G. Cole commissioned a hundred of the miniatures, and all are excellently reproduced, sixteen in color, in this book published by O'Neill Printers of Kalispell. Dr. Van Kirke Nelson, the enthusiast mainly responsible for the publication, reproduces Cole's notes. Historically, the notes are at best mediocre and often unreliable; Seltzer's work was based on these and must be judged accordingly.

Lorence F. Bjorklund has illustrated the books of many western writers; here he tries one of his own, and comes out very well indeed. He presents some fifty-four faces in the Frontier, each with a type portrait and sketch illustrative of his way of life, including cowboy, cavalryman, trapper, wheelwright, gunsmith, saddlemaker, rainmaker, and even lady tourist. His text, despite occasional slips, is explanatory when needed and spiced with some delightful yarn-spinning. His drawings are excellent and beautifully reproduced.

Epitaph for the Giants tells in photo-

graphs the story of the Tillamook Burn —a 1933 fire that destroyed twelve billion board feet of Oregon timber in twenty hours. Larry Kemp has blended text and pictures into a unified narrative, allowing the pictures to speak for themselves when captions are not necessary.

At another extreme is *Daddy of 'Em All*, the story of Cheyenne Frontier Days —the oldest continuous annual rodeo in the West. The account is detailed, with appendices listing rodeo personnel and winners, and a wide range of pictures to illustrate the text. Bob Hanesworth depicts the rodeo as it has looked since 1897—and he has known it firsthand for much of that time.

In *Rails, Sagebrush and Pine*, Mallory Hope Ferrell has told the story in depth, length (eighty miles at its longest), and width (narrow gauge) of the "Sumpter Valley" of Oregon, one of the least important railways in the United States. All kinds of locomotives are pictured in the book, and a roster with statistics and diagrams gives full details. There is even a double-page map in color. Such comprehensive treatment may be justified, as railway enthusiasts hold narrow-gauge lines in particular affection.

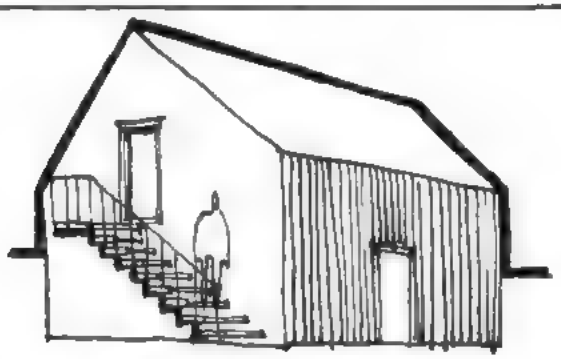
If Charles R. Wood's *Lines West* does not appear to be such a complete history of the Great Northern—there are only five short sections of text, two to three pages each—it does have comprehensive coverage in pictures. Captions are long, detailed, and technical, relating where the picture was taken and when. At one point Wood links a puff of smoke on the horizon with an R-1, 2-8-8-2, pulling No. 401 with one hundred and fifteen cars. Here is almost everything that a picture book should be, although an index and a more generous use of page numbers would further aid the reader.

Here Rolled the Covered Wagons by Albert and Jane Salisbury, now in its third revised edition, is one of two books (the other being *Two Captains West*) that the Salisburys have contributed to a prolific output of picture books in a similar format published by Superior of Seattle. The book in its first edition was clearly a travel book, with an endpaper map to route the reader; this map is omitted in the third (although referred to in the Foreword), leaving the book somewhat without a plan. The pictures are good; the text somewhat spotty—the account of Little Big Horn, for example, is hardly definitive.

Of similar caliber is *Tales the Western Tombstones Tell*, second in a new series by Lambert Florin, who previously did a series on ghost towns. It will be interesting to those who like to prowl around old cemeteries. Again the pictures are good, while the text leaves something to be desired; and there is a new and peculiarly impossible blunder on Buffalo Bill.

Pioneer Forts of the West is the fourth in a series, with a fifth promised. Colonel Herbert M. Hart has created his book by visiting sites, photographing them as they now appear, and supplementing these photos with historic pictures and diagrams of the forts. The seventy forts get one to three pages apiece, including pictures—hardly enough for an extensive history. Consequently, much material that should be in the text is relegated to the captions.

In *Doctors of the Old West*, Robert F. Karolevitz illustrates a scarcely exploited aspect of the frontier story, covering drugstores, hospitals, and quackery, as well as the family doctor in his office or on his weary rounds. The text is not a



Pioneer Texas Buildings
A Geometry Lesson

BY CLOVIS HEIMSATH
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARYANN HEIMSATH

This study of pioneer Texas buildings is both a picture book of architecture and a visual lesson in the geometry of form. Through distinctive photographs, primer-like sketches, and sentences that are as much exhortation as explanation, Clovis Heimsath points out how to see architecture. 178 halftones, 38 line drawings, 10 x 10 inch format. $12.50

The Port of Houston: *A History*

BY MARILYN MCADAMS SIBLEY

From descriptions of a small town on a stream to an international complex through which billions of dollars worth of cargo pass annually, this is the story of Houston, for "the history of the port is the history of the city; the successful men were those who built both."—Houston Chronicle. 32 pages of illustrations. $6.75

The Pantarch: *A Biography of Stephen Pearl Andrews*

BY MADELEINE B. STERN

The first biography of an American reformer, philologist, pioneer in sociology, advocate of reformed spelling, lawyer, and eccentric philosopher whose life mirrored and often anticipated the various reform movements of the nineteenth century. Illustrated $6.00

San Antonio: *A Historical and Pictorial Guide*

BY CHARLES RAMSDELL

This special HemisFair edition contains thirty-two pages of new material on the city and the fair. Profusely illustrated.
10 maps. Paper, $2.95

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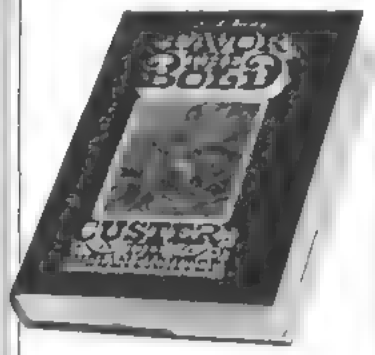

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history of frontier medicine, and was not intended to be, but the photographs are a genuine contribution to this historical subject.

While Superior Press does not reach quality coffee-table-book standards either in picture reproduction or in printing—numerous typographical errors and small type stretching across wide pages are especially annoying—the value of pictures as an important historical source is emphasized in a variety of subject matters. The ideal book in this format series is perhaps *Lines West*, where the pictures are thoroughly documented, and the text held to bare minimum. □

Don Russell, *a member of the editorial board of* THE AMERICAN WEST, *is editor of the* Westerner's Brand Book *and author of the recent* Custer's Last: The Battle of Little Big Horn in Picturesque Perspective.

LOOKING WESTWARD

(Continued from page 50)

"was disinclined or ill-equipped to perform the occupational role which his parents had envisaged his performing."

A physiognomical psychoanalysis of Remington's parents reveals that his hero father, who died when he was 19, was irresponsible, while his mother was intolerant ("a blunt jaw, . . . full face, protruding eyes"), especially of Frederic's desire to be an artist; so he went west to herd sheep. Both of Roosevelt's parents were dead when he departed for the Badlands; indeed, the traditional explanation of his exodus has been his sorrow over the simultaneous deaths of his wife and mother. White attributes his sojourn to "profound doubts about his own identity," an interpretation perhaps anticipated by Henry Pringle who, in his Pulitzer Prize-winning biography, considers "Teddy Roosevelt a perpetual adolescent. Wister's musical talent was discouraged by his physician father, and the two men compromised on a legal career for Owen. Thus, he too went west with occupational anxieties. White's interpretation of the psychological malaise of these three semi-adolescents can be entertained, if not easily accepted. It is far more difficult to credit his discovery of the root cause of the trouble in "the effect an industrialized society had upon their youthful patterns of preparedness." Their parents' values were formed in pre-industrial America, where vocations as artists or musicians were outside the pale. (I find no evidence that Roosevelt's parents objected to politics, though Roosevelt himself admitted that his friends could not understand his choice of profession.)

Yet it was in relation to an industrializing America that Remington, Roosevelt, and Wister judged the West—not as an alternative to the East but "as a stage in American civilization" that was, unfortunately, doomed to pass. Indeed, Wister referred to the West as "the true America," which is the sort of nostalgia one can understand without benefit of Freud. In the roles of painter, novelist, and political evangelist, these three men parlayed their romantic vision of the West into an American article of faith. They had reacted to the West in the same way because, although they "were all individuals with unique psychological systems," their regional and genealogical backgrounds were similar; they had experienced "the impetus of urbanization and industrialization" in their youth, and "they had been able to explore in their young manhood the ramifications of a counterurban and counterindustrial existence." Their view was accepted because it was put forward in the years after 1898, a "decade of consensus." The proof of this lies in the widespread worship of the Rough Riders, where eastern aristocrats joined western cowboys in asserting American courage and nationalism; in Roosevelt's conservation policies, which utilized the methods of new technology in an attempt to restore a bygone, nontechnological America; and in the increasingly favorable popular reviews of the art and writing of Remington, Roosevelt, and Wister at the turn of the century.

The faults of *The Eastern Establishment and the Western Experience*—generalization from limited evidence, eclectic use of sources, inclusion of irrelevant material—are pitfalls that all historians encounter and few avoid completely. But there are other faults to which the behavioral sciences make us, as historians, especially prone. The most obvious of these is the use of jargon as a substitute for prose. This is not a question simply of style, but also of content. Words and even concepts may take the place of real comprehension. (This is particularly true with regard to the use of psychological generalizations that, arrived at inductively, have only limited

deductive applications; no doubt empathy will remain the best avenue to understanding.) The relationship between style and content is best treated in an essay by George Orwell, "Politics and the English Language." Arguing that "if thought corrupts language, language can also corrupt thought," Orwell concluded (in 1946) "that the present political chaos is connected with the decay of language, and that one can probably bring about some improvement by starting at the verbal end. If you simplify your English, you are freed from the worst follies of orthodoxy." Historians as well as politicians cannot afford to neglect this advice.

IN RESPONSE TO MY review of Carl Bakal's *The Right to Bear Arms* (in the December, 1967, AMERICAN WEST REVIEW), I received a dozen or so adverse letters. I was called, as I expected to be, a Communist; I was threatened with Mace, no doubt a tribute to my antigun bias; and I was stigmatized for my prejudices, which seems fair enough. Several readers doubted that Bakal's book was "western," a criticism that I anticipated in that column and others I have written, to wit: in the West one may see the accentuation of attitudes more broadly American. Although we often associate the gun with the West, enthusiasm for arms control is higher in this region than any other, as reported by a Harris poll and substantiated by the geographical distribution of the letters I received, most of them having come from east of the Mississippi.

Other readers argued that there are two sides to every story. The only demur I can introduce to such conventional wisdom is that there are usually as many sides as there are people, and I was giving, as usual, my personal view. On the basis of this, one reader psychoanalyzed me, in return for which I mailed him twenty-five dollars. Finally, there was some substantive criticism, which I can answer only generally.

Most important, I believe that those people supporting the National Rifle Association should explain why this organization has never tested its constitutional case ("the right to bear arms") in the Supreme Court. Second, I would demand an explanation for the discrepancy between the intent of pending firearms legislation (say, over the past five years) and what the N.R.A. has told its members about this legislation. Third, since the N.R.A. has thrown its weight behind bills that apply heavy penalties to "criminal use" of a gun, as if this were a major deterrent to homicide, it must be wondered whether such legislation might not induce the criminal to kill his witnesses rather than spare his victim. Last of all, since recent Gallop polls have shown that 80 percent of Americans favor the strictest gun legislation possible (55 percent of white Americans and 32 percent of black Americans own guns), it seems fair to assert that the N.R.A. has a stranglehold on Congress, independent of the merits of its case

On May 16, 1968, Senator Edward M. Kennedy's motion to ban interstate mail-order sales of rifles and shotguns was defeated. Ralph Yarborough of Texas was the only western Senator to support the Kennedy amendment, though Thomas Kuchel of California was paired for it. Kuchel was defeated in the Republican primary the night Senator Robert F. Kennedy was shot to death. It is my sincere hope that this most recent public murder will shock the Congress of the United States into action. □

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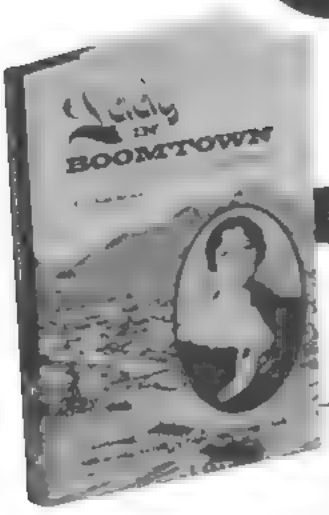

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by EDGAR L. HEWETT ‡

The Appalachian Indian Frontier The Edmond Atkin Report and Plan of 1755 *(University of Nebraska, Lincoln, 1967, illus., maps, intro., biblio., index, $1.95).*
edited by WILBUR R. JACOBS ‡

The Art and Politics of Thomas Nast *(Oxford University, New York, 1968, 353 pp., illus., biblio., $12.50).* by MORTON KELLER ‡

Baja Land of Lost Missions *(Naylor Co., San Antonio, Texas, 1968; 161 pp., illus., maps, suppl., $4.95).*
by MARQUIS MCDONALD
with GLENN N. OSTER ‡

Baptists and the Oregon Frontier *(Southern Oregon College, Ashland, 1967, 225 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, n.p.).*
by CLIFFORD R. MILLER ‡

Bill Nye's Western Humor *(University of Nebraska, Lincoln, $4.75).*
edited by T. A. LARSON •51

Bostonians and Bullion: The Journal of Robert Livermore, 1892-1915 *(University of Nebraska, Lincoln, 1968; 193 pp., illus., maps, intro., epilogue, $6.95).*
edited by GENE M. GRESSLEY •51

California's Prodigal Sons: Hiram Johnson and the Progressives, 1911-1917 *(University of California, Berkeley, 1968; 253 pp., illus., app., biblio., notes, index, $6.95).*
by SPENCER C. OLIN, JR. ‡

Camp-Fires on Desert and Lava *(Arno Press, New York, 1967, 366 pp., illus., maps, index, $10.95).* Reprint of Charles Scribner's Sons' 1908 edition. by WILLIAM T. HORNADAY ‡

Church Wealth in Mexico: A Study of the 'Juzgado de Capellanías' in the Archbishopric of Mexico 1800-1856 *(Cambridge University, New York, 1967; 139 pp., biblio., index, $5.50).* by MICHAEL P. COSTELOE ‡

City of the West: Emerson, America, and Urban Metaphor *(Yale University, New Haven, Conn., 1967; 284 pp., biblio., index, $6.50).* by MICHAEL H. COWAN ‡

Cliff Dwellers *(Naylor Co., San Antonio, Texas, 1968; 164 pp., illus., $4.95).*
by W. E. S. FOLSOM DICKERSON ‡

The Court-Martial of General George Armstrong Custer *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1968, 280 pp., illus., biblio., index, $5.95).* by LAWRENCE A. FROST ‡

Dancing Bear: An Inside Look at California Politics *(World Publishing Co., Cleveland, 1968, 303 pp., index, $6.50)*
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The Disney Version. The Life, Times, Art and Commerce of Walt Disney *(Simon and Schuster, New York, 1968, 384 pp., biblio., index, $6.50).* by RICHARD SCHICKEL ‡

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Doorways into History *(A. K. Briggs Co., Inc., Eugene, Ore., 1966, 55 pp., illus., $2.75)*
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Dorothea Lange Looks at the American Country Woman *(Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas, and Ward Ritchie Press, Los Angeles, 1967, 72 pp., illus., $7.50, pap., $3.95).* Commentary by Beaumont Newhall.
photographic essay by DOROTHEA LANGE ‡

Earliest Hunters of North America *(Rand McNally & Co., Chicago, 1967; 48 pp., biblio., pap., n.p.).* by FRANK C. HIBBEN ‡

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Famous Guns that Won the West *(Arco Publishing, New York, 1968, 110 pp., illus., $3.50).* by JAMES WYCKOFF ‡

Favor the Bold Custer, the Indian Fighter *(Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $6.95)*
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Fiat Lux. The University of California *(McGraw, New York, 1967, 192 pp., illus., $22.50)*
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Frontier States: Alaska, Hawaii *(Time Life Books, New York, 1968, 192 pp., illus., maps biblio., index, n.p.).*
by RICHARD AUSTIN SMITH
and the EDITORS OF TIME LIFE BOOKS ‡

The Gaucho *(Crown Publishers, New York, 1968; 55 pp., text J. R. Wilcock, tr., illus., glossary, $12.50).* Foreword by Jorge Luis Borges. Photographs by Rene Burri. Vignettes by Juan Carlos Camagnino.
text by JOSE LUIS LANUZA ‡

George Caleb Bingham (Volume 1) The Evolution of an Artist and (Volume 2) A Catalogue Raisonné *(University of California, Berkeley, 1967, (Vol. 1) 339 pp., text (156 pp.), plates, biblio., chron., app., indexes; (Vol. 2) 238 pp., index, 2 volumes $45.00)*
by E. MAURICE BLOCH ‡

Gleams of Underground *(Handkraft Art and Publishing Co., Salt Lake City, 1967, 485 pp., illus., $4.95)* Illustrated by Jim Pratt.
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A Guidebook to the Southern Sierra Nevada including Sequoia National Forest *(Ward Ritchie Press, Los Angeles, 1968; 180 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $1.95)*
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History of the American Frontier 1763-1893 *(Norman S. Berg, Publisher, Dunwoody, Ga., 1968, 598 pp., maps, index, $11.50).* Reprint of the 1924 Houghton Mifflin edition
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edited by MICHAEL ROE ‡

The Journal of Richard Henry Dana, Jr. *(Harvard University, Cambridge, 1968; 1201 pp., illus., geneal., biblio., notes, index, 3 vols., n.p.).* edited by ROBERT F. LUCID ‡

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by JOHN UPTON TERRELL *54

The Life of Bret Harte with Some Account of the California Pioneers *(Gale Research Co., Detroit, 1967; 362 pp., illus., index, n.p.).* Reprint of Houghton Mifflin 1911 edition.
by HENRY CHILDS MERWIN ‡

Lower California Guidebook: A Descriptive Traveler's Guide *(A. H. Clark, Glendale, Calif., 1967, 243 pp., 4th ed. with revision notes, illus., maps, biblio., $6.50)*
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Maynard Dixon Sketch Book *(Northland Press, Flagstaff, Ariz., 1967; unnumbered pp. illus., $10.50)*
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Mormon Songs from the Rocky Mountains *(University of Texas, Austin, 1968; 221 pp. index, $7.00).* edited by THOMAS E. CHENEY ‡

Mound Builders of Ancient America: The Archaeology of a Myth *(New York Graphic Society, Greenwich, Conn., 1968, 369 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $8.95)*
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The Past at Present in Issaquah, Washington *(Kingsport Press, Kingsport, Tenn., 1967; 186 pp., illus., maps, $8.95)* Original sketches by Harriet Fish. by EDWARDS R. FISH ‡

Penny-an-Acre Empire in the West *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1968, 268 pp., map, index, $6.95)*
collected and edited by EDGAR I. STEWART ‡

A Pictographic History of the Oglala Sioux *(University of Nebraska, Lincoln, 1968, 337 pp., illus., notes, app., biblio., limited ed., $17.95).* Drawings by Amos Bad Heart Bull
text by HELEN H. BLISH ‡

The Pig War *(Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma, 1968, 84 pp., illus., biblio., index., pap., $2.00).* by KEITH MURRAY ‡

Pioneer Parade *(Vantage Press, New York, 1966; 175 pp., illus., $4.95)*
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The Prairie Schooners *(Holiday House, Inc., New York, 1968, 95 pp., $3.75)*
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Progressive Politics and Conservation: The Ballinger-Pinchot Affair *(University of Chicago, 1968, 207 pp., biblio., index, n.p.)*
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Recollections of the Last Ten Years in the Valley of the Mississippi *(Da Capo Press, New York, 1968, 395 pp., $14.00).* Reprint of 1826 edition. by TIMOTHY FLINT ‡

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San Juan Bautista: Gateway to Spanish Texas *(University of Texas, Austin, 1968, 469 pp., illus., biblio., index, $8.50)*
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Sod Walls: The Story of the Nebraska Sod House *(Purcell's, Inc., Broken Bow, Neb., 1968, 208 pp., illus., app., biblio., index, n.p.).* by ROGER L. WELSCH ‡

Solon Robinson, Pioneer and Agriculturist: Selected Writings *(Da Capo Press, New York, 1968, vol. 1, 382 pp.; vol. 2, 336 pp., biblio., indexes, $37.50)* Reprint of 1936 Indiana Historical Bureau edition
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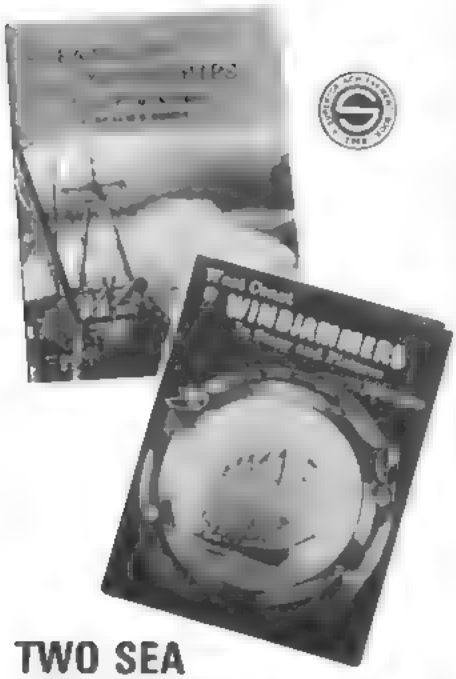

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FINANCIAL WEST

(Continued from page 49)

Nineteenth-Century Investment Process (Harvard University Press, 1967), but here the emphasis is on the eastern investor rather than the effects in the West.

While no symposium can be expected, in itself, to reorient history, essays in this collection raise enough of the central issues to provide poetic license for the title. The book may inspire some of the mature scholars of the West to undertake the difficult and often treacherous tasks of major reinterpretation. □

FLATBOATMEN

(Continued from page 48)

The third composition, on the other hand, evidences a tremendous change in Bingham's experience and understanding. His study of engravings after the old masters must have taught him much about figure composition, but he no longer appears bound by any restrictive formulae. And we realize that by this time he had also benefited by his observation of original paintings by the masters in European galleries, and by his experience at Dusseldorf. One wonders, for instance, how great an impression Gericault's "Raft of the Medusa" might have made on Bingham's concept of composition. He certainly could have known it previously through the engraved reproduction, and he may have seen it on his visit to the Louvre during the fall of 1856. With its underlying pyramidal framework, the figures pushed toward the observer, making him a participant in the action, the diagonal placing of the raft, the equal number of figures, even to the figure at the apex waving a cloth—all are parallels which seem to point to more than a coincidental relationship.

While retaining the essential elements of the pyramid-cone, and the keynotes of figural types developed more than a decade earlier, Bingham now creates a new composition of greater character and forcefulness. Along with these ideas he may have learned from Gericault's masterpiece, he places new emphasis on the importance of the spectator's role in the action. With obvious aforethought, the observer is led into the picture from the left through an opening between two rings of figures, progressing without interruption to the main action. Only then is the eye permitted to travel to the secondary action in the background and to the right. The landscape, formerly assuming a competitive role, now takes its place merely as a setting.

Three of the drawings in the Mercantile Library collection are of figures undoubtedly prepared in connection with the picture, and at least four others were readapted, with slight alteration, from their previous appearance in older subjects such as "Raftsmen Playing Cards" (1847), "The Stump Orator" (1847), and "In a Quandary" (1851). Variations somewhat further removed from their original sources are discoverable in other figures, although obviously derived from motifs used in earlier genre compositions.

DURING HIS LAST YEARS Bingham apparently returned once more to the subject that had brought him his first recognition as a painter of western genre. Among his latest letters to Rollins is one written from Washington, D.C., in February, 1878, in which he indicated that he was "about finishing" a painting of "The Jolly Flatboatmen." The picture was evidently afterward in his studio in Columbia, for during the summer of that year Bingham wrote again to his friend asking him to arrange for its shipment to Kansas City where he intended exhibiting it at the Kansas City exposition together with other of his paintings, "with a view to taking the premiums offered." It was therefore probably included in the "collection of pictures" that he displayed at the show. Whether this fourth version of "The Jolly Flatboatmen" was sold at this time, or by his widow during the years following the artist's death, is not known, but the painting itself has not yet come to light. □

E. Maurice Bloch, *from whose* George Caleb Bingham: The Evolution of an Artist *the above article was excerpted, is Professor of Art and Director of the Grunwald Graphic Arts Foundation at the University of California at Los Angeles.*

DEPARTMENT OF ODD INFORMATION

San Diego Speed Laws, 1915

Speed limit in congested districts: 12 mph; 6 mph at crossings.

Speed limit outside congested districts: 20 mph.

no question that he was prepared to pay a high price for the preservation of the kingdom. As an experienced leader of his people, however, he must have known that his action in the **Expositor** affair would not remain without far-reaching consequences. He had been forced to weigh in his own mind which would be worse for the kingdom, the disease or the remedy; and he had made his decision.

In destroying the press, Smith had overstepped both his authority and the bounds of propriety. Yet in the eyes of faithful Mormons, the public indignation was out of all proportion to the outrage committed. The Saints could not help but remember the lack of public concern over their own persecution in Missouri. In fact, it was not only a somewhat hypocritical concern for free speech that aroused Gentile indignation; the destruction of the press also provided them with an opportunity to vent their hatred for the Mormons, which had been building up for some time. On June 12, 1844, the *Warsaw Signal* wrote:

> We have only to state that this is sufficient! War and extermination is inevitable! CITIZENS ARISE, ONE and ALL!! Can you *stand* by, and suffer such INFERNAL DEVILS! to ROB men of their property rights, without avenging them? We have no time for comment! Every man will make his own. LET IT BE WITH POWDER AND BALL!!

For Joseph and Hyrum, it was indeed powder and ball. When Governor Ford learned of the destruction of the *Expositor*, he went to Carthage demanding that Smith and all others involved in the incident stand trial in that town. Although Smith and his brother Hyrum hesitated to submit to Ford's demands, and even crossed into Iowa to escape to the Rocky Mountains, they finally went to Carthage, believing that the Gentiles would otherwise ravage the city of Nauvoo. They went with the heavy foreboding that they would not live to see Nauvoo again. Their premonitions were tragically accurate. The Prophet and his brother became martyrs to the cause of the Kingdom of God.

The stunned Saints had to forget their hopes of their Prophet's establishing the Kingdom of God in the United States. But if they could not revive Smith, some members of the Council of Fifty felt they could at least revive the plan of setting up the kingdom in Texas. The United States Senate had rejected the annexation treaty shortly before the Prophet's death. The earlier calculations of the council had thus proved correct. Lucien Woodworth and George Miller therefore urged Brigham Young, who as head of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles assumed leadership of the Mormons and the Council of Fifty, to send them to Texas "with the necessary papers, and proceed to meet the Texas Congress as before Joseph's death agreed upon."

To their surprise, Young was implacably opposed to the plan, and for good reasons. On April 30, 1844, Orson Hyde had written Smith that a projected buffer state between Texas and Mexico would place the Mormons in a most precarious situation. Mormon independence, Hyde warned, would require the support of a strong army and navy; the necessary requirements for manpower and financial resources would prove more than the new government could bear. Moreover, the Senate's rejection of the Texas treaty had done little to stabilize relations between Texas and Mexico. The armistice between the two countries was terminated in June. The establishment of a Mormon buffer state under such conditions would have led the Saints into the same situation from which they were trying to escape—interference in their internal affairs. "Thus," lamented Miller, "All hopes were cut off of establishing a dominion of the kingdom . . . when . . . I verily believed that all that we had concocted in council might so easily be accomplished. I was really cast down and dejected."

With the presidential aspirations of the Saints shot down with their leader, with the Texas treaty confirmed as untimely adventurism, the scene was set for the realistic political and social program of a Brigham Young. Not as President of the United States, not as king of a recognized independent theocracy, but as successor of the Prophet and leader of his own, Brigham Young led his people to a place where they might at least bargain with their destiny. □

For a more detailed study of this topic, see my *Quest for Empire: The Political Kingdom of God and the Council of Fifty in Mormon History* (East Lansing, 1967), which contains extensive documentation and a comprehensive bibliographical essay. Important studies relating to the Kingdom of God and the Council of Fifty are Hyrum L. Andrus, *Joseph Smith and World Government* (Salt Lake City, 1958); James R. Clark, "The Kingdom of God, the Council of Fifty and the State of Deseret," *Utah Historical Quarterly*, 26:130–148 (1958); and Robert B. Flanders, *Nauvoo: Kingdom on the Mississippi* (Urbana, 1965).

Among official Mormon sources, the following are particularly relevant: a transcript of minutes of the Council of Fifty, located at the L.D.S. Church Historian's Office, Salt Lake City, Utah; and the collection of Mormon sources, largely from Joseph Smith's journal, published as *History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints*, ed. B. H. Roberts (6 vols., Salt Lake City, 1930). Much information is found in autobiographical materials by members of the Council of Fifty. By far the most important of these, in addition to Joseph Smith's papers, are the published and unpublished journals and diaries of John D. Lee. *A Mormon Chronicle: The Diaries of John D. Lee, 1848–1876*, ed. Robert Glass Cleland and Juanita Brooks (2 vols.; San Marino, 1955); *Journals of John D. Lee, 1846–47 and 1859*, ed. Charles Kelly (Salt Lake City, 1938; and a typescript of unpublished diaries and official records of John D. Lee, Brigham Young University Library. Extremely revealing is an autobiographical letter by Benjamin F. Johnson to George F. Gibbs written in 1903 (also at Brigham Young University Library).

Among various manuscript collections on important members of the Council of Fifty, located at the Coe Collection of Western Americana at Yale University Library, the Albert P. Rockwood Papers contain significant information on the formative period of the Kingdom of God. The important negotiations with the Republic of Texas are mentioned in considerable detail in the memoirs of George Miller, published in 1916 as *Correspondence of Bishop George Miller with the Northern Islander from his First Acquaintance with Mormonism up to Near the Close of His Life. Written by Himself in the Year 1855.* Among numerous contemporary accounts by non-Mormons and enemies of Mormonism, the two most important for this study are George T. M. Davis, *An Authentic Account of the Massacre of Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet, and Hyrum Smith, His Brother* (St. Louis, 1844), and Thomas A. Ford, *A History of Illinois from Its Commencement as a State in 1818 to 1847* (Chicago and New York, 1854).

Klaus J. Hansen, *whose* Quest for Empire *was published in 1967, is Assistant Professor of History at Utah State University, with a specialty in American Intellectual and Cultural History.*

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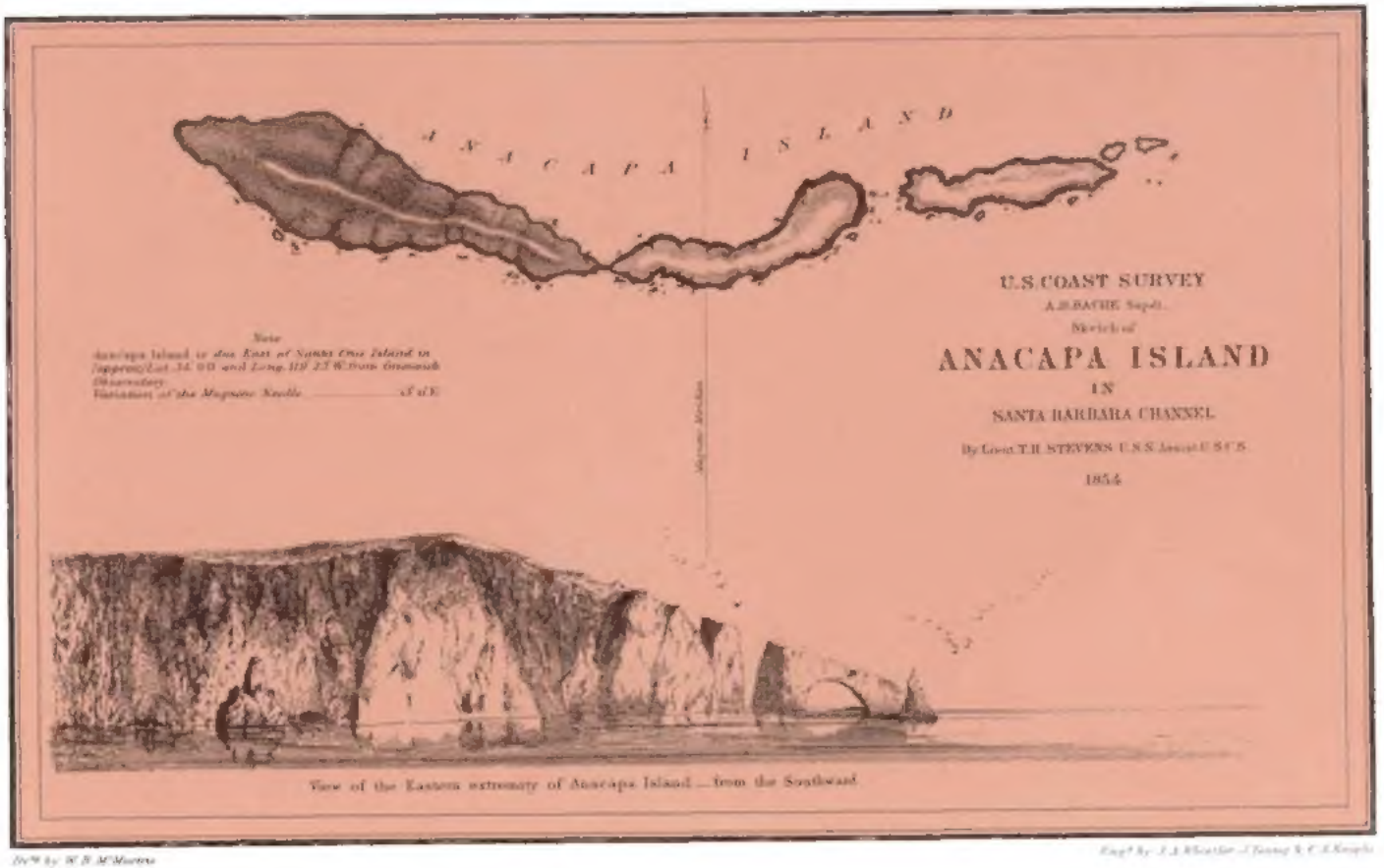
Whistler gives Uncle Sam the bird . . .

American artist James McNeill Whistler once worked in the drafting rooms of the United States Coast Survey. His assignment was to translate the original drawings of the Survey artists to copper plates for printing. This was his introduction to an art of which he ultimately was to become a master, but little else good can be said of his brief tenure as a draftsman at $1.50 per day. Whether he was bored or lazy is conjectural. Records show that in one month he worked a total of six and a half days; and even when he did work he was wont to alter the original drawings to suit his whim, sometimes by etching the plate with delicate vignettes of cherubs (some say with his girlfriend's face); self-portraits in his broad-brimmed hat, beard, and pipe; monks, and small groups of figures. The survey supervisor took the young West Pointer (who finished forty-first in a class of fifty-two at the end of his first year, and washed out at the end of his third) to task for defacing the printing plates and warned him that any additional alterations would cost him his job. Evidently unable to curb his fancy, Whistler decided to edit a drawing of Anacapa Island made by William McMurtrie, many of whose drawings and paintings are in the Honeyman Collection of the Bancroft Library. McMurtrie had included a number of sea gulls. Whistler added several more, and the supervisor caught the change. Whistler's three months' employment came to an abrupt end. certainly to the benefit of the Survey, and unquestionably to the world of art.

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